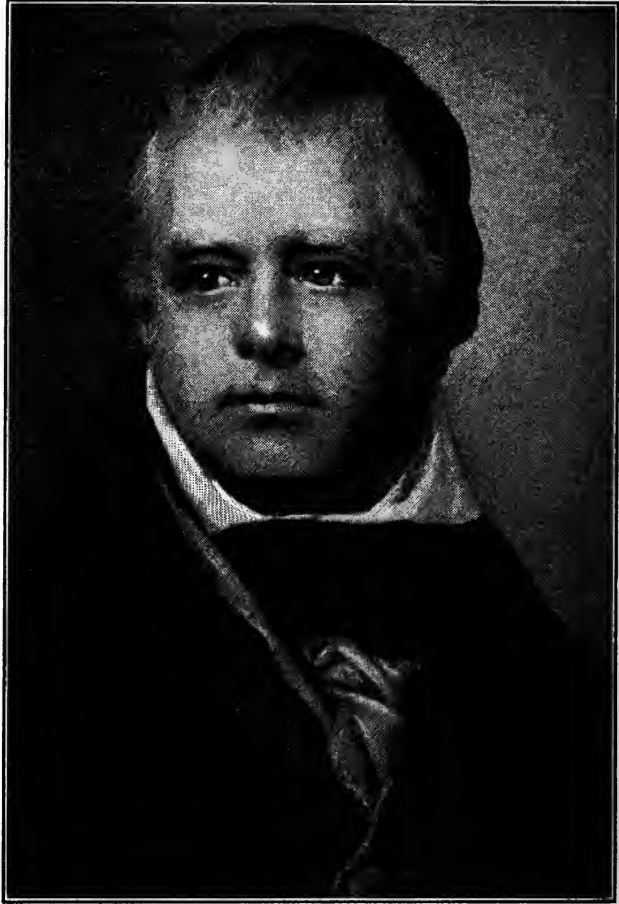




TALES *and* VERSE  
*from* SIR WALTER SCOTT



SIR WALTER SCOTT

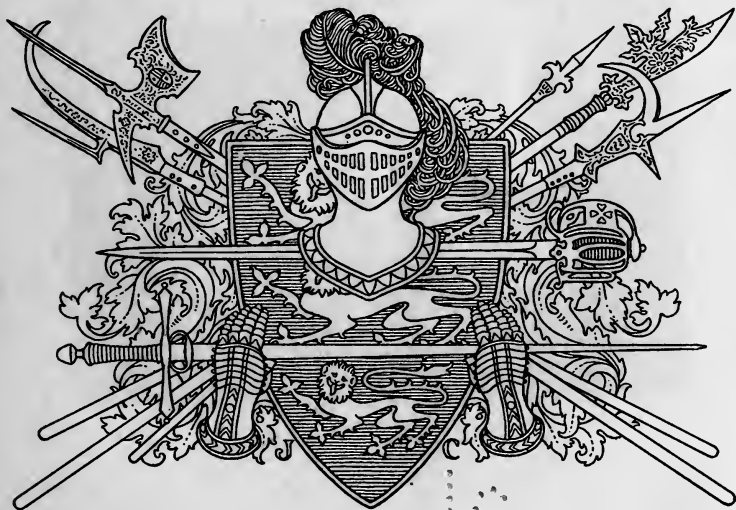
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# TALES *and* VERSE

*from* SIR WALTER SCOTT

Chosen *and* arranged by  
HANSON HART WEBSTER; *and*  
FANNY E. COE, Teacher of English  
*in the* Boston Normal School

With *an* introduction to the Author  
by J. G. LOCKHART, DR. JOHN BROWN  
*and* WASHINGTON IRVING



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY  
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TALES AND VERSE FROM SIR W. SCOTT.

E. P. I

OCT 21 1914

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no 1



“ Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.”



## FOREWORD

It is a significant fact that the present year, 1914, is the centenary of the publication of "Waverley," herald of all the brilliant novels so soon to follow. This rounding out of the century may well witness the publication of hosts of magazine articles and books, all paying homage to the mighty Scott, whose name is still one to conjure with, who is still the "Wizard of the North."

That the youth of the twentieth century may have his part in this renewed interest in Sir Walter Scott, the compilers offer this little volume to the pupils of the upper grammar grades and to students in the first years of the high school.

Scott's place as an author is secure. There is no need to urge his claim by citing at this time that "in the vivid description of natural scenery he is without a rival"; that "he can describe a battle with a vividness unequalled by any poet since Homer"; or that "his pictures will live in English literature beside Shakespeare's." These are truisms which the world has long conceded.

As for the man, Scott, no one is dearer or more human in English literature. His uprightness of soul, delicate sense of honor, purity, and sweet friendliness may well make him an ideal to the boy or girl. The man dwarfs his own heroes; he is greater than his crea-

tions. This we see ever more clearly as the decades roll by.

“Tales and Verse from Sir Walter Scott” contains the most famous of his lyrics and a goodly number of excerpts from his most representative novels. It is hoped that these may kindle in the child such keen interest in characters and situations that the immediate reaction will be the reading of the novel itself from which the absorbing passage is drawn. A revival of enthusiasm for Scott’s sane and wholesome work would be a most encouraging “sign of the times.”

Each selection is preceded by a brief introductory note, sufficient to give the setting of the scene; and there are occasional footnotes upon the more unfamiliar allusions. The author’s diction has been scrupulously preserved, save for a few abridgments of material not vital to the story or indeed extraneous to it.

Intimate descriptions of Sir Walter Scott and of his beautiful and cherished home, Abbotsford, are given in the words of three of his friends.

FANNY E. COE.

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# AN INTRODUCTION TO THE AUTHOR

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS CHILDREN<sup>1</sup>,

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

No father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than Scott did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him, and understand his talk.<sup>2</sup> Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their

<sup>1</sup> From "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott."

<sup>2</sup> This is a description of Scott's children in one of their father's letters written in 1806: "Walter has acquired the surname of Gilnockie, being large of limb and bone, and dauntless in disposition, like that noted chieftain. Your little friend Sophia is grown a tall girl, and I think promises to be very clever, as she discovers uncommon acuteness of apprehension. We have, moreover, a little roundabout girl, with large dark eyes, as brown, as good-humored, and as lively as the mother that bore her, and of whom she is the most striking picture. Over and above all this there is *in rerum natura* a certain little Charles, so called after the Knight of the Crocodile; but of this gentleman I can say but little, as he is only five months, and consequently not at the time of life when I can often enjoy the honor of his company."

questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and "to sit up to supper" was the great reward when they had been "very good bairns." In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook of all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind unformal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home.

Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written in 1808 at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind; — for he never did show much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to

anything else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited — the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae: delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory, by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children; and gradually familiarized them with the ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sunday he never rode — at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him; for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favorite spot at a considerable distance from the house — most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank — and there dined with them in the open air on a

basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of Biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too.

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians; like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses — as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more impor-



tant article of that Persian training. "Without courage," he said, "there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue."

He had a horror of boarding schools; never allowed his girls to learn anything out of his own house; and chose their governess — Miss Miller — who about this time was domesticated with them, and never left them while they needed one, — with far greater regard to her kind good temper and excellent moral and religious principles than to the measure of her attainments in what are called fashionable accomplishments. The admirable system of education for boys in Scotland combines all the advantages of public and private instruction; his carried their satchels to the High School, when the family was in Edinburgh, just as he had done before them, and shared of course the evening society of their happy home. But he rarely, if ever, left them in town, when he could himself be in the country; and at Ashestiel he was, for better or for worse, his eldest boy's daily tutor, after he began Latin.

## SIR WALTER AND HIS FRIEND MARJORIE<sup>1</sup>

By DR. JOHN BROWN

ONE November afternoon in 1810 — the year in which “Waverley” was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India — three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mount, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the bield of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, “a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace,” slight, with “small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sen-

<sup>1</sup> An excerpt from “Marjorie Fleming.”

sitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills, — a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted,

one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath, —

“And at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
Slipped in a moment out of life.”

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the Darsie Latimer of “Redgauntlet”; “a man,” as Scott says, “of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension,” but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been, — a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion,

something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered: "How it raves and drafts! On-ding o' snaw, — ay, that's the word, — on-ding." He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This favorite dog "died about January 1809 and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street.

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, it won't do, —

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff  
Employs ower aft my hand, sir."

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of Waverley to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a maud (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gamboled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith,

My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized, on account of the death of a 'dear old friend.'" — LOCKHART'S "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott."



of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodling doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it on-ding o' snaw!" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding, — that's odd, — that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or cul de sac). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,

— Maida gamboling through the snow, and running races in his mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure ! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter ; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be, — "Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers, — he saying it after her, —

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven ;  
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven ;  
Pin, pan, musky, dan ;  
Twenty-wan ; eerie, orie, ourie,  
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said Musky-

Dan especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidity.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm*; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating, —

“For I am sick, and capable of fears,  
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears,  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears —  
A woman, naturally born to fears.”

Or drawing herself up “to the height of her great argument,” —

“I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
Here I and sorrow sit.”

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, “She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does.”

# THE "DEN" IN THE EDINBURGH HOUSE<sup>1</sup>

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

[In 1812, Sir Walter purchased land on the Tweed, near Melrose, and built his famous house Abbotsford. Here he lived almost continuously until his death in 1832, repeatedly enlarging his buildings and his estate, and entertaining lavishly. While editing the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, however, — a survey of world history for each preceding year, issued during several years prior to 1818, — Scott took up temporary quarters at the house No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh. Of the "den" in this house, Lockhart gives an interesting description.]

THE "den" had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame — something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with

<sup>1</sup> From "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott."

the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich, but never gaudy — a large proportion of blue morocco — all stamped with his device of the portcullis, and its motto, *clausus tutus ero* — being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side — poetry and the drama on another — law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape.

Besides his own huge elbowchair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this sanctum, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle;

sometimes he folded letter covers, sometimes he twisted paper into matches,—performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, a portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin-boxes, such as solicitors keep title deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt (so called from one of the German Tales for Children), a venerable tomcat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of

dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, — and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken every now and then by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood everything he said to them — and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.

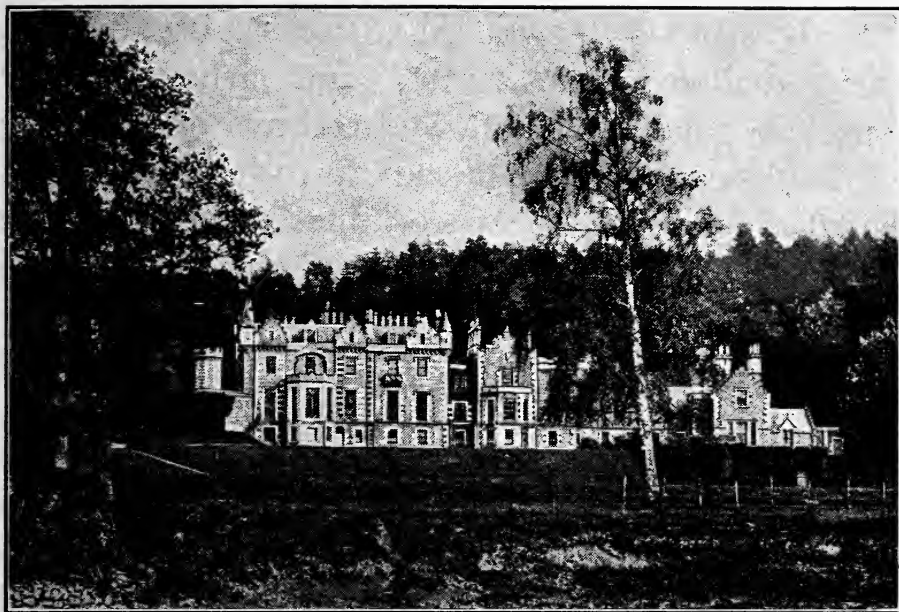
## ABBOTSFORD IN 1825<sup>1</sup>

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

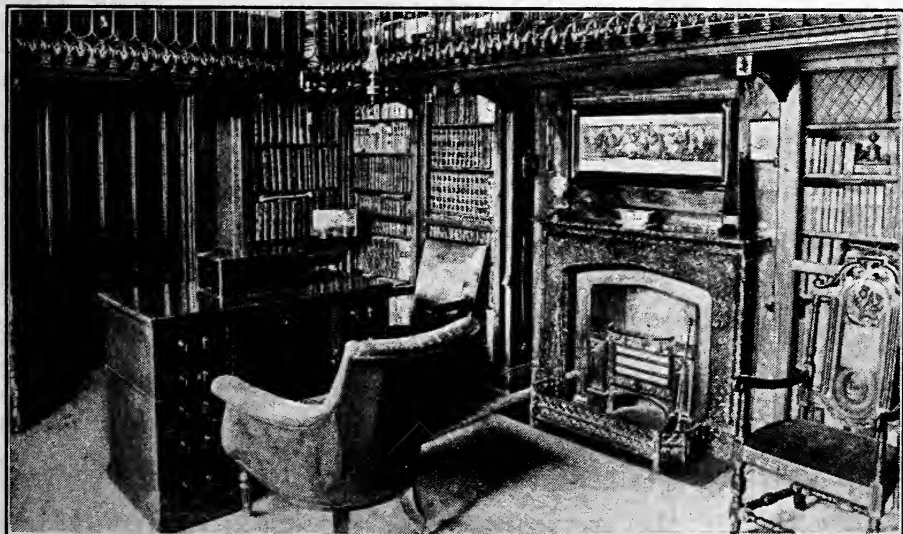
SOME fifteen or sixteen years ago, — — tells me, there was not a more unlovely spot, in this part of the world, than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farmhouse stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a “kailyard” bloomed where the stately embattled courtyard now spreads itself; and for a thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single long straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river must needs remain *in statu quo*; and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was no doubt wild enough: a naked moor — a few turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it — a Scotch cottage — a Scotch farmyard, and some Scotch firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the Abbotsford of 1825.

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from “Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.”





ABBOTSFORD



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIBRARY

Sir Walter is, as you have no doubt heard, a most zealous agriculturist, and arboriculturist especially; and he is allowed to have done things with this estate, since it came into his possession, which would have been reckoned wonders, even if they had occupied the whole of a clever and skillful man's attention, during more years than have elapsed since he began to write himself Laird of Abbotsford. He has some excellent arable land on the banks of the Tweed, and towards the little town of Melrose, which lies three miles from the mansion; but the bulk of the property is hilly country, with deep narrow dells interlacing it. Of this he has planted fully one half, and it is admitted on all hands that his rising forest has been laid out, arranged, and managed with consummate taste, care, and success; so much so, that the general appearance of Tweedside, for some miles, is already quite altered by the graceful ranges of his woodland.

But I am keeping you too long away from "The Roof-tree of Monkbarns," which is situated on the brink of the last of a series of irregular hills, descending from the elevation of the Eildons to the Tweed. The building is such a one, I dare say, as nobody but he would ever have dreamed of erecting; or if he had, escaped being quizzed for his pains. Yet it is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of its

details not only full of historical interest, but beauty also.

By the principal approach you come very suddenly on the edifice; — but this evil, if evil it be, was unavoidable, in consequence of the vicinity of a public road. The gateway is a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall of considerable height. On entering, you find yourself within an inclosure of perhaps half an acre, two sides thereof being protected by the high wall above mentioned, all along which, inside, a trellised walk extends itself — broad, cool, and dark overhead with roses and honeysuckles. The third side, to the east, shows a screen of open arches of Gothic stonework, filled with a network of iron, and affording delightful glimpses of the gardens. This elegant screen abuts on the eastern extremity of the house, which runs along the whole of the northern side (and a small part of the western) of the great inclosure. Within this inclosure, there is room for a piece of the most elaborate turf; and rosaries, of all manner of shapes and sizes, gradually connect this green pavement with the roof of the trellis walk, a verdant cloister, over which appears the gray wall with its little turrets; and over that again climb oak, elm, birch, and hazel, up a steep bank — so steep, that the trees, young as they are, give already all the effect of a sweeping amphitheater

of wood. The background on that side is wholly forest; on the east, the garden loses itself in forest by degrees; on the west, there is wood on wood also, but with glimpses of the Tweed between; and in the distance (some half-a-dozen miles off) a complete sierra, the ridge of the mountains between Tweed and Yarrow.

The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not in the least like the other; presents sundry zigzagged gables to the eye; most fantastic water spouts; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable, let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway. From this porchway, which is spacious and airy and adorned with some enormous petrified stag horns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding doors into the imposing hall. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century, on your first entrance from noonday; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute or two; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those "storied panes," and you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apart-

ments. The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline; the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the center a shield of arms richly blazoned. All around the cornice of this noble room there runs a continued series of blazoned shields of another sort still; at the center of one end I saw the bloody heart of Douglas, and opposite to that the Royal Lion of Scotland, — and between the ribs there is an inscription in black letter, which I after some trials read. To the best of my recollection, the words are — “These be the Coat Armories of the Clannis and Chief Men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the aulde time for the Kinge. Trewe ware they were in their tyme, and in their defence God them defendit.” The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armor. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end; the one an English suit of Henry the Fifth’s time, the other an Italian, not quite as old. The variety of cuirasses, black and white, plain and sculptured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs, of every fantasy, dangle about and below them;

and there are swords of every order, from the enormous two-handed weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the "Forty-five" and the rapier of Dettingen. A series of German executioners' swords was pointed out to me, on the blade of one of which are the arms of Augsburg, and a legend, which may be thus rendered, —

"Dust, when I strike, to dust. From sleepless grave,  
Sweet Jesu ! stoop, a sin-stained soul to save."

"Stepping westward" (as Wordsworth says) from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low-arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armor and weapons, — such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, etc., etc., etc. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials R. M. C. (*i.e.*, Robert Macgregor Campbell) round the touchhole; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphrey Davy; a magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose; the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; and Buonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at

Waterloo, I believe). I should have mentioned that stag horns, and bulls' horns and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one, as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture. These relics of other and for the most part darker years are disposed, however, with so much grace and elegance, that I doubt if Mr. Hope himself would find anything to quarrel with in the beautiful apartments which contain them. In the hall, when the weather is hot, the Baronet is accustomed to dine; and a gallant refectory, no question, it must make.

Beyond the smaller, or rather I should say the narrower, armory, lies the dining parlor proper. When lighted up and the curtains down at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggerly of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a handsome one, with a low and richly carved roof of dark oak. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which one of the most remarkable is the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Cawood the day after the decapitation of Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a

most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great-grandfather, the old Cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in *Marmion*, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles the First. Beyond and alongside are narrowish passages, which make one fancy one's self in some dim old monastery; for roofs and walls and windows are sculptured in stone, after the richest relics of Melrose and Roslin Chapel. One of these leads to a charming breakfast room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other; a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, at one end; and the other walls covered with a valuable and beautiful collection of water-color drawings. There is one good oil painting over the chimney piece — Fast Castle, by Thomson, alias the Wolf's Crag of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Returning towards the armory, you have, on one side of a most religious-looking corridor, a small greenhouse, with a fountain playing before it — the very fountain that in days of yore graced the Cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts. From the small armory you pass into the drawing-room, another handsome and



spacious apartment, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors. From this you pass into the largest of all these rooms, the library. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the center, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again — a very rich pattern — chiefly *à la* Roslin; and the bookcases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired, and locked, as containing books and manuscripts very precious and very portable. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, — a noble portrait, over the fireplace; and the only bust is that of Shakespeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche

in the center of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in a corner, reposes a tall silver urn, filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

Connecting with this fine room, and fronting — which none of the other sitting rooms do — to the south, is a smaller library, the sanctum of the Author. This room, which seems to be a crib of about twenty feet, contains, of what is properly called furniture, nothing but a small writing table in the center, a plain armchair covered with black leather, and a single chair besides, — plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these, there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There are only two portraits — an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse<sup>1</sup> (Bonnie Dundee), and a small full-length of Rob Roy.<sup>2</sup> Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it. Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are over the mantelpiece; above them is a Highland target, with a star of claymores; and

<sup>1</sup> See the selections on pages 284, 288.

<sup>2</sup> See the selections on pages 320, 322.

in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons — those of the forest craft, to wit — axes and bills, and so forth, of every caliber.

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettrick Forest.

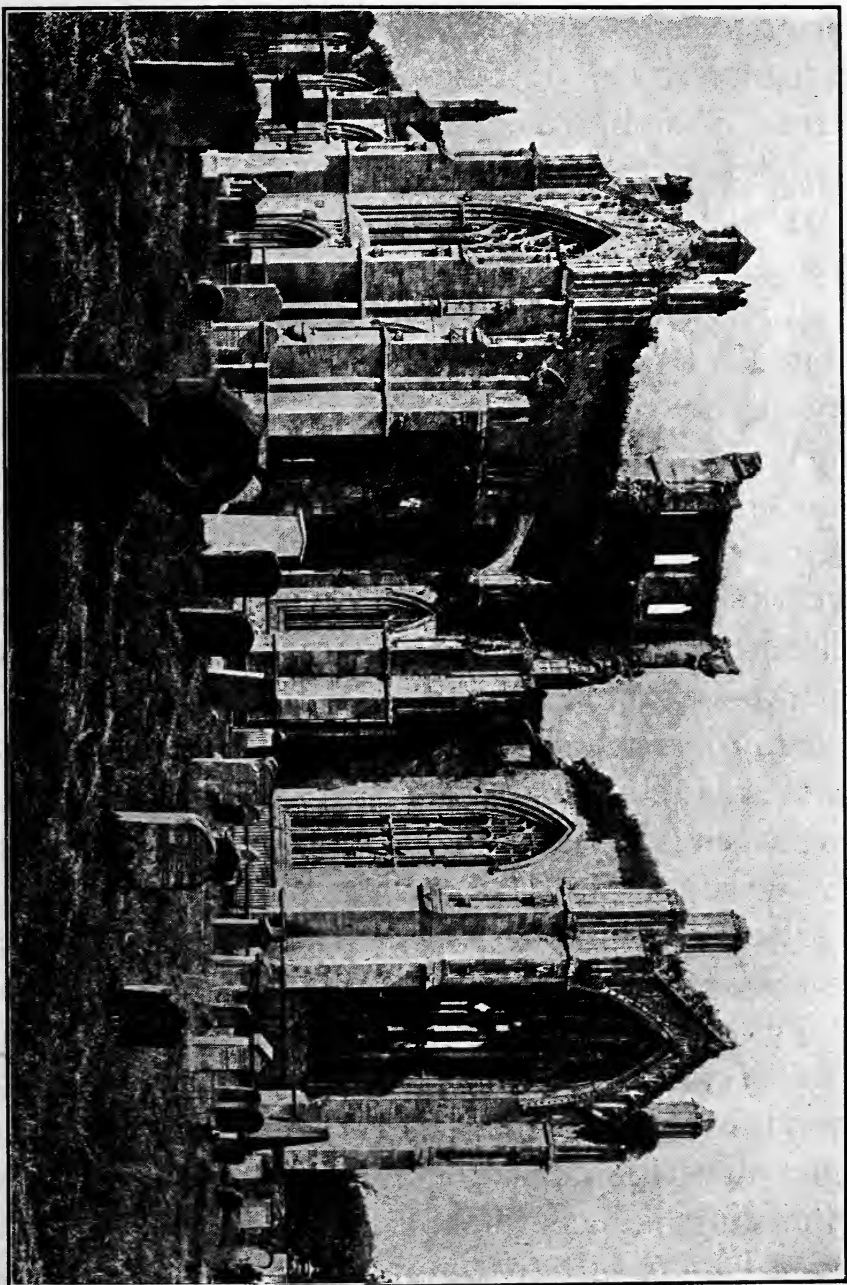
## A VISIT AT ABBOTSFORD

By WASHINGTON IRVING<sup>1</sup>

[In August, 1817, Irving was touring in Scotland. He had been given a letter of introduction to Sir Walter, to whom he was already known by reputation as the author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York"; so, finding himself on the highroad above Abbotsford, he halted his chaise, and sent to the house "with a card on which he had written, that he was on his way to the ruins of Melrose, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott to receive a visit from him in the course of the morning." The account of his visit follows, in Irving's own words.]

THE noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound, of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider him-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Lockhart in his "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott."



MELROSE ABBEY

self bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. — Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: “Come, drive down, drive down to the house,” said he, “ye’re just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey.” I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. “Hut, man,” cried he, “a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast.” I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Anne Scott, two or three years younger; Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. — I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow, with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. “You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper,” said Scott; “it takes several days of study for an observant traveler that has a relish for auld-world trumpery. After

breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in; and he and my friend Johnnie Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back, I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing." — In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.

[After breakfast, while Scott, no doubt, wrote a chapter of *Rob Roy*, Mr. Irving, under young Charles's guidance, saw Melrose Abbey, and had much talk with old Bower, the showman of the ruins, who was eager to enlighten in all things the Sheriff's friends. "He'll come here sometimes," said Johnny, "with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is his voice calling out 'Johnny! — Johnny Bower!' — and when I go out I'm sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand an' crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife — and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

On his return from the Abbey, Irving found Scott ready for a ramble.]

As we sallied forth, he writes, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long, pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then



giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say — 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'" Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. "If ever he whipped him," he said, "the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him." — His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance. Our ramble took us on the hills, commanding an extensive prospect. "Now," said Scott, "I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to the top of the Delectable Mountains,

that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts." . . . I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. "It may be pertinacity," said he, at length; "but to my eye, these gray hills, and all this wild border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather, at least once a year, I think I should die!" The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump

on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart in his speech. He vindicated the Tweed, too, as a beautiful stream in itself, and observed, that he did not dislike it for being bare of trees, probably from having been much of an angler in his time; and an angler does not like to have a stream overhung by trees, which embarrass him in the exercise of his rod and line. I took occasion to plead, in like manner, the associations of early life for my disappointment in respect to the surrounding scenery. I had been so accustomed to see hills crowned with forests, and streams breaking their way through a wilderness of trees, that all my ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded. "Ay, and that's the great charm of your country," cried Scott. "You love the forest as I do the heather; but I would not have you think I do not love the glory of a great woodland prospect. There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand wild original forests, with the idea of hundreds of miles of untrodden forest around me. I once saw at Leith an immense stick of timber just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood in its native soil, at its full height, and with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration; it seemed like one of the gigantic obelisks which are now and then brought from Egypt to shame the pigmy monu-

ments of Europe; and, in fact, these vast aboriginal trees, that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white men, are the monuments and antiquities of your country." . . .

We had not walked much farther, before we saw the two Miss Scotts advancing along the hillside to meet us. The morning's studies being over, they had set off to take a ramble on the hills, and gather heather blossoms with which to decorate their hair for dinner. As they came bounding lightly like young fawns, and their dresses fluttering in the pure summer's breeze, I was reminded of Scott's own description of his children, in his introduction to one of the cantos of *Marmion*:—

“My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,” etc.

As they approached, the dogs all sprung forward, and gamboled around them. They joined us with countenances full of health and glee. Sophia, the eldest, was the most lively and joyous, having much of her father's varied spirit in conversation, and seeming to catch excitement from his words and looks; Anne was of a quieter mood, rather silent, owing, in some measure, no doubt to her being some years younger. . . .

One of my pleasantest rambles with Scott about the neighborhood of Abbotsford was taken in company with Mr. William Laidlaw, the steward

of his estate. This was a gentleman for whom Scott entertained a particular value. He had been born to a competency, had been well educated, his mind was richly stored with varied information, and he was a man of sterling moral worth. Having been reduced by misfortune, Scott had got him to take charge of his estate. He lived at a small farm, on the hillside above Abbotsford, and was treated by Scott as a cherished and confidential friend rather than a dependant. That day at dinner we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent, respectable person, about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one, for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated. When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. "I wish to show you," said he, "some of our really excellent, plain Scotch people; not fine gentlemen and ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same. The character of a nation is not to be learnt from its fine folks." He then went on with a particular eulogium on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good

plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbors, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. "In a word," added Scott, "she's a fine old Scotch girl, and I delight in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest."

The evening having passed away delightfully in a quaint-looking apartment, half study, half drawing-room, Scott read several passages from the old Romance of Arthur, with a fine deep sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated black-letter volume. It was a rich treat to hear such a work read by such a person, and in such a place; and his appearance, as he sat reading, in a large armchair, with his favorite hound Maida at his feet, and surrounded by books and reliques and Border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic

picture. When I retired for the night, I found it almost impossible to sleep : the idea of being under the roof of Scott ; of being on the Borders on the Tweed ; in the very center of that region which had, for some time past, been the favorite scene of romantic fiction ; and, above all, the recollections of the ramble I had taken, the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed, all fermented in my mind, and nearly drove sleep from my pillow.

On the following morning the sun darted his beams from over the hills through the low lattice of my window. I rose at an early hour, and looked out between the branches of eglantine which overhung the casement. To my surprise, Scott was already up, and forth, seated on a fragment of stone, and chatting with the workmen employed in the new building. I had supposed, after the time he had wasted upon me yesterday, he would be closely occupied this morning ; but he appeared like a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself. I soon dressed myself and joined him. He talked about his proposed plans of Abbotsford : happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable, style in which he lived at the time of my visit.

## SCOTT'S CAREER AS POET AND NOVELIST

FIRST PERIOD. — *The Poems and the earliest Novels.*  
1805–1815

- 1805. THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
- 1808. MARMION.
- 1810. THE LADY OF THE LAKE.
- 1811. THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.
- 1812. ROKEBY.
- 1813. THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.
- 1814. WAVERLEY.
- 1815. THE LORD OF THE ISLES; GUY MANNERING;  
THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

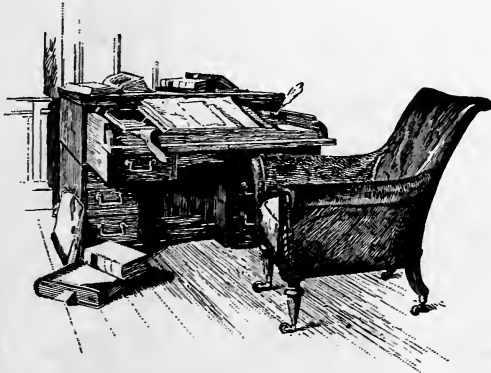
SECOND PERIOD. — *The Novels which established his fame.*  
1816–1825

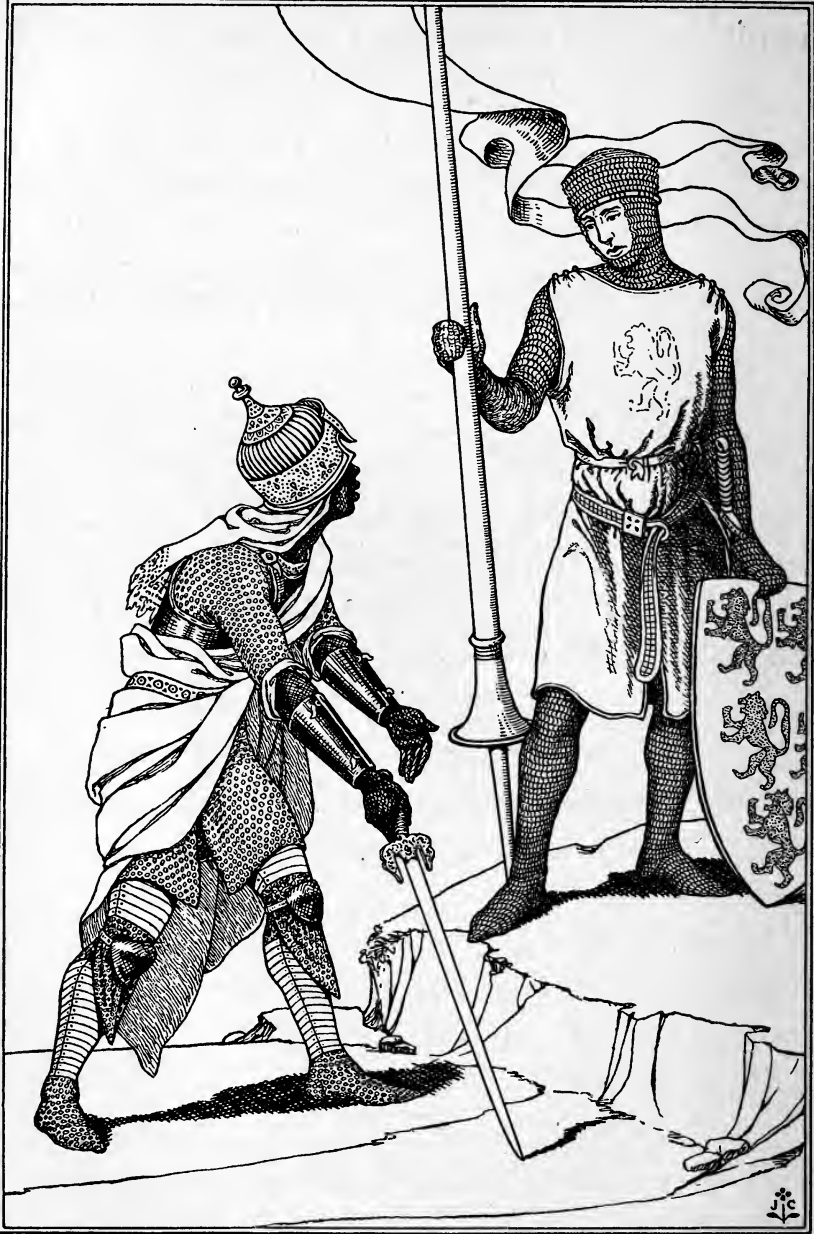
- 1816. THE ANTIQUARY; THE BLACK DWARF; OLD  
MORTALITY.
- 1817. HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS; ROB ROY.
- 1818. THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.
- 1819. THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR; A LEGEND OF  
MONTROSE; IVANHOE.
- 1820. THE MONASTERY; THE ABBOT.
- 1821. KENILWORTH; THE PIRATE.
- 1822. THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.
- 1823. PEVERIL OF THE PEAK; QUENTIN DURWARD;  
ST. RONAN'S WELL.
- 1824. REDGAUNTLET.
- 1825. THE BETROTHED; THE TALISMAN.



THIRD PERIOD. — *The Novels and Tales written to retrieve his fortunes.* 1827–1831

1827. WOODSTOCK; THE TWO DROVERS; THE HIGHLAND WIDOW; THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.  
1828. TALES OF A GRANDFATHER; THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH; ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.  
1831. CASTLE DANGEROUS; COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.





THE SARACEN AND THE CRUSADER

## TALES AND VERSE

### SIR KENNETH AND THE SARACEN

[A Scottish knight, on his way to Syria, to bear his part in the Third Crusade, encounters a Saracen warrior, of the forces of the Sultan Saladin.]

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross,<sup>1</sup> who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities<sup>2</sup> provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way

<sup>1</sup> The red cross was the symbol of the Crusaders.

<sup>2</sup> Sodom and Gomorrah. See Genesis XIX, verses 23 and 24.

were forgotten, as the traveler recalled the fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the Garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in color as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveler shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire; and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon"; the land as well as the lake might be termed dead.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider, and the accouter-

ments of his horse, were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long, steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed

to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep — wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace of arms, and which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chainwork, and the front stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the Western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this

fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mold of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line,<sup>1</sup> and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which

<sup>1</sup> The Northmen, or Normans, came originally from Scandinavia, *i.e.*, from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick bed, and unable to attend his master, who traveled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshments and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid day station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose



and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger, with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by

any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand ; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded

point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir,<sup>1</sup> for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the

<sup>1</sup> A ruling prince; a chief officer.

strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last en-

counter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

“There is truce betwixt our nations,” he said, in the *lingua franca*<sup>1</sup> commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; “wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? — Let there be peace betwixt us.”

“I am well contented,” answered he of the Couchant Leopard; “but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?”

“The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken,” answered the Emir. “It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage.”

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

“By the cross of my sword,” he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, “I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together.”

“By Mahommed, Prophet of God, and by

<sup>1</sup> French tongue, *i.e.*, the language of the Franks or the Europeans.

Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foe-man, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look, or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

*From "THE TALISMAN."*

## THE TRIAL OF THE SWORDS

[Conrade of Montserrat, an ambitious and disaffected member of the Council of the Princes of the Crusade, offered an affront to King Richard, to avenge which a combat was arranged between Sir Kenneth, the King's champion, and the offending Conrade. The Sultan Saladin, who was in love with Edith, kinswoman to King Richard, promised "safe conduct to all who might choose to witness the combat, and offered his own person as a guarantee of his fidelity." The station, called the Diamond of the Desert, at nearly an equal distance between the Christian and the Saracen camps, was chosen for the combat. This is the story of the meeting between the King and the Sultan. On the day following Kenneth overcame the disloyal Conrade.]

ON the day before that appointed for the combat, Conrade and his friends set off by daybreak to repair to the place assigned, and Richard left the camp at the same hour, and for the same purpose; but, as had been agreed upon, he took his journey by a different route, a precaution which had been judged necessary to prevent the possibility of a quarrel betwixt their armed attendants.

The good King himself was in no humor for quarreling with any one. Nothing could have added to his pleasurable anticipations of a desperate and bloody combat in the lists, except his being in his own royal person one of the combatants; and he was half in charity again even with

Conrade of Montserrat. Lightly armed, richly dressed, and gay as a bridegroom on the eve of his nuptials, Richard caracoled along by the side of Queen Berengaria's litter, pointing out to her the various scenes through which they passed, and cheering with tale and song the bosom of the inhospitable wilderness. The former route of the Queen's pilgrimage to Engaddi<sup>1</sup> had been on the other side of the chain of mountains, so that the ladies were strangers to the scenery of the desert; and though Berengaria knew her husband's disposition too well not to endeavor to seem interested in what he was pleased either to say or to sing, she could not help indulging some female fears when she found herself in the howling wilderness with so small an escort, which seemed almost like a moving speck on the bosom of the plain, and knew, at the same time, they were not so distant from the camp of Saladin but what they might be in a moment surprised and swept off by an overpowering host of his fiery-footed cavalry, should the pagan be faithless enough to embrace an opportunity thus tempting. But when she hinted these suspicions to Richard, he repelled them with displeasure and disdain. "It were worse than ingratitude," he said, "to doubt the good faith of the generous Soldan."

<sup>1</sup> Engedi, or Ain-Jidy, is an ancient town of Palestine, on the border of the Dead Sea.





STATUE OF KING RICHARD I

Yet the same doubts and fears recurred more than once, not to the timid mind of the Queen alone, but to the firmer and more candid soul of Edith Plantagenet, who had no such confidence in the faith of the Moslem as to render her perfectly at ease when so much in their power; and her surprise had been far less than her terror, if the desert around had suddenly resounded with the shout of *Alla hu!* and a band of Arab cavalry had pounced on them like vultures on their prey. Nor were these suspicions lessened, when, as evening approached, they were aware of a single Arab horseman, distinguished by his turban and long lance, hovering on the edge of a small eminence like a hawk poised in the air, and who instantly, on the appearance of the royal retinue, darted off with the speed of the same bird, when it shoots down the wind and disappears from the horizon.

“We must be near the station,” said King Richard; “and yonder cavalier is one of Saladin’s outposts — methinks I hear the noise of the Moorish horns and cymbals. Get you into order, my hearts, and form yourselves around the ladies soldier-like and firmly.”

As he spoke, each knight, squire, and archer, hastily closed in upon his appointed ground, and they proceeded in the most compact order, which made their numbers appear still smaller; and to say the truth, though there might be no fear,

there was anxiety as well as curiosity in the attention with which they listened to the wild bursts of Moorish music, which came ever and anon more distinctly from the quarter in which the Arab horseman had been seen to disappear.

De Vaux spoke in a whisper to the King — “Were it not well, my liege, to send a page to the top of that sand bank? Or would it stand with your pleasure that I prick forward? Methinks, by all yonder clash and clang, if there be no more than five hundred men beyond the sand hills, half of the Soldan’s retinue must be drummers and cymbal tossers. — Shall I spur on?”

The baron had checked his horse with the bit, and was just about to strike him with the spurs, when the King exclaimed: “Not for the world. Such a caution would express suspicion, and could do little to prevent surprise, which, however, I apprehend not.”

They advanced accordingly in close and firm order till they surmounted the line of low sand-hills, and came in sight of the appointed station, when a splendid, but at the same time a startling, spectacle awaited them.

The Diamond of the Desert, so lately a solitary fountain, distinguished only amid the waste by solitary groups of palm trees, was now the center of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide,

and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. The coverings of the large pavilions were of the gayest colors, — scarlet, bright yellow, pale blue, and other gaudy and gleaming hues, — and the tops of their pillars, or tent poles, were decorated with golden pomegranates and small silken flags. But, besides these distinguished pavilions, there were, what Thomas de Vaux considered as a portentous number of the ordinary black tents of the Arabs, being sufficient, as he conceived, to accommodate, according to the Eastern fashion, a host of five thousand men. A number of Arabs and Curds, fully corresponding to the extent of the encampment, were hastily assembling, each leading his horse in his hand, and their muster was accompanied by an astonishing clamor of their noisy instruments of martial music, by which, in all ages, the warfare of the Arabs has been animated.

They soon formed a deep and confused mass of dismounted cavalry in front of their encampment, when at the signal of a shrill cry, which arose high over the clangor of the music, each cavalier sprung to his saddle. A cloud of dust, arising at the moment of this maneuver, hid from Richard and his attendants the camp, the palm trees, and the distant ridge of mountains, as well as the troops whose sudden movement had raised the cloud, and ascending high over their

heads, formed itself into the fantastic forms of writhed pillars, domes, and minarets. Another shrill yell was heard from the bosom of this cloudy tabernacle. It was the signal for the cavalry to advance, which they did at full gallop, disposing themselves as they came forward, so as to come in at once on the front, flanks, and rear, of Richard's little body guard, who were thus surrounded, and almost choked, by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side, through which were seen alternately, and lost, the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens, brandishing and tossing their lances in every possible direction, with the wildest cries and halloos, and frequently only reining up their horses when within a spear's length of the Christians, while those in the rear discharged over the heads of both parties thick volleys of arrows. One of these struck the litter in which the Queen was seated, who loudly screamed, and the red spot was on Richard's brow in an instant.

“Ha! Saint George,” he exclaimed, “we must take some order with this infidel scum!”

But Edith, whose litter was near, thrust her head out, and with her hand holding one of the shafts, exclaimed, “Royal Richard, beware what you do! see, these arrows are headless!”

“Noble, sensible wench!” exclaimed Richard; “by Heaven, thou shamest us all by thy readi-

ness of thought and eye. — Be not moved, my English hearts,” he exclaimed, to his followers, “their arrows have no heads, and their spears, too, lack the steel points. It is but a wild welcome, after their savage fashion, though doubtless they would rejoice to see us daunted or disturbed. Move onward, slow and steady.”

The little phalanx moved forward accordingly, accompanied on all sides by the Arabs, with the shrillest and most piercing cries, the bowmen, meanwhile, displaying their agility by shooting as near the crests of the Christians as was possible, without actually hitting them, while the lancers charged each other with such rude blows of their blunt weapons, that more than one of them lost his saddle, and well-nigh his life, in this rough sport. All this, though designed to express welcome, had rather a doubtful appearance in the eyes of the Europeans.

As they had advanced nearly halfway towards the camp, King Richard and his suite forming, as it were, the nucleus round which this tumultuary body of horsemen howled, whooped, skirmished, and galloped, creating a scene of indescribable confusion, another shrill cry was heard, on which all these irregulars, who were on the front and upon the flanks of the little body of Europeans, wheeled off, and forming themselves into a long and deep column, followed with comparative

order and silence in the rear of Richard's troop. The dust began now to dissipate in their front, when there advanced to meet them, through that cloudy veil, a body of cavalry of a different and more regular description, completely armed with offensive and defensive weapons, and who might well have served as a bodyguard to the proudest of Eastern monarchs. This splendid troop consisted of five hundred men, and each horse which it contained was worth an earl's ransom. The riders were Georgian and Circassian<sup>1</sup> slaves in the very prime of life; their helmets and hauberks were formed of steel rings, so bright that they shone like silver; their vestures were of the gayest colors, and some of cloth of gold or silver; the sashes were twisted with silk and gold, their rich turbans were plumed and jeweled, and their sabers and poniards, of Damascene steel, were adorned with gold and gems on hilt and scabbard.

This splendid array advanced to the sound of military music, and when they met the Christian body, they opened their files to the right and left, and let them enter between their ranks. Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the center of his body-

<sup>1</sup> Georgia and Circassia are provinces near the Caucasus Mountains. The Georgians are a very handsome race of the purest Caucasian type.

guard, surrounded by his domestic officers, and those hideous negroes who guard the Eastern harem, and whose misshapen forms were rendered yet more frightful by the richness of their attire, came the Soldan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow Nature had written, This is a king! In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem, which was called by the poets, the Sea of Light; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire, which terminated the hilt of his canjiar,<sup>1</sup> was not of much inferior value. It should be added, that to protect him from the dust, which in the vicinity of the Dead Sea resembles the finest ashes, or perhaps out of Oriental pride, the Soldan wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of his noble burden.

There was no need of further introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback,

<sup>1</sup> A long, heavy knife, used in Syria.



and, the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence; and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice — no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they two beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the Soldan fixed upon him; and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

“The Melech Ric<sup>1</sup> is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert! I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array? Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!”

“And these are all nobles of Araby?” said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks,<sup>2</sup> their countenances

<sup>1</sup> King Richard.

<sup>2</sup> Pieces of cotton or woollen cloth, worn by the Arabs as outer garments.

swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural luster from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

“They claim such rank,” said Saladin; “but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the saber — even the iron of their lances is left behind.”

“I fear,” muttered De Vaux in English, “they have left them where they can be soon found. — A most flourishing House of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them.”

“Hush, De Vaux,” said Richard, “I command thee. — Noble Saladin,” he said, “suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. — Seest thou,” pointing to the litters, “I too have brought some champions with me, though armed, perhaps, in breach of agreement, for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind.”

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking towards Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

“Nay,” said Richard, “they will not fear a closer encounter, brother; wilt thou not ride towards their litters, and the curtains will be presently withdrawn?”

“That may Allah prohibit!” said Saladin, “since not an Arab looks on, who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered.”

“Thou shalt see them, then, in private, my royal brother,” answered Richard.

“To what purpose?” answered Saladin, mournfully. “Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame, which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me? — But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses — the officers of my household will attend your followers, and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard.”

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe, or long riding cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard’s two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of

which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

“Had I not,” said Saladin, “seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael,<sup>1</sup> I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?”

“Willingly, noble Saladin,” answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter; this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master’s honor led him to whisper in English, “For the blessed Virgin’s sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned,<sup>2</sup> give no triumph to the infidel.”

“Peace, fool!” said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around; “thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?”

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King’s left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled

<sup>1</sup> The angel who separates the soul from the body in the Jewish and Mohammedan faiths.

<sup>2</sup> Richard had recently been ill.

on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging bill.

“By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!” said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King’s hand, and, looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

“Ay, look well,” said De Vaux in English; “it will be long ere your long jackanape’s fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there.”

“Silence, De Vaux,” said Richard; “by Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning — be not so broad, I pray thee.”

The Soldan indeed presently said, “Something I would fain attempt — though, wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric.” — So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. “Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?” he said to King Richard.

“No, surely,” replied the King; “no sword

on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and, tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat; "there is gram-arye<sup>1</sup> in this."

<sup>1</sup> Magic, enchantment.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his saber, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also in two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

“Now, in good faith, my brother,” said Richard, “thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous it were to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow; and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength.”

*From “THE TALISMAN.”*

## THE TOURNAMENT

[King Richard has gone on a crusade to the Holy Land, and the country, during his absence, is ruled over by his brother, Prince John.

It is a time of many feuds between Saxon and Norman nobles. Cedric and Athelstane are of Saxon birth; de Bois Guilbert, Front de Bœuf, and de Bracy, favorites of Prince John, are Normans.

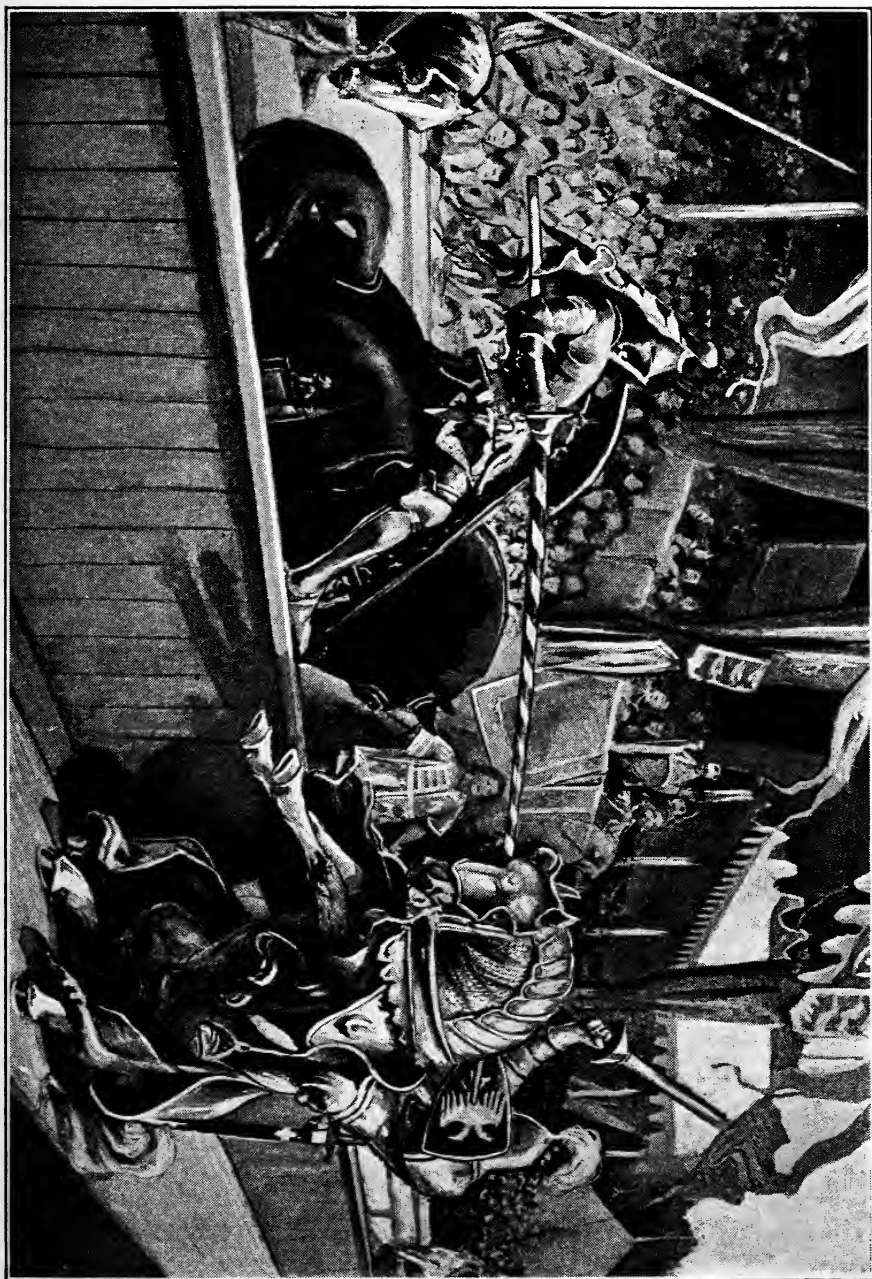
Near the town of Ashby a passage of arms between some Norman knights templars has occurred. After several encounters, the conquerors challenge any other knights present to meet them.

The three selections give accounts of the resulting jousts between Norman and Saxon knights, of the general combat, and of the archery contest on the second day.]

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with





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their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little —

“The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers where the performers were concealed. It was of eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators

fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front de Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair

against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet,

upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois Guilbert and Front de Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field, the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*; that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front de Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatis-

faction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

“The day is against England, my lord,” said Cedric, in a marked tone; “are you not tempted to take the lance?”

“I shall tilt to-morrow,” answered Athelstane, “in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.”

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect, that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover,

he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba<sup>1</sup> thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming— "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of

<sup>1</sup> The jester attached to the household of Cedric the Saxon.



adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited.<sup>1</sup> He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's

<sup>1</sup> This knight was Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the disinherited son of Cedric the Saxon.

shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield<sup>1</sup>; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise

<sup>1</sup> Hospitaller: a knight of the religious military order of St. John of Jerusalem, which grew out of a hospital founded at Jerusalem about 1048.

thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois Guilbert's new shield bore a

raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.<sup>1</sup>

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur, and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the

<sup>1</sup> Beware the raven.

best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, how-

ever, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

“We shall meet again, I trust,” said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; “and where there are none to separate us.”

“If we do not,” said the Disinherited Knight, “the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.”

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver,

or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front de Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave Adsum*.<sup>1</sup> Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front de Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De' Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and

<sup>1</sup> Beware, I am here.

violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

*From "IVANHOE."*



## THE LAST DAY AT ASHBY

MORNING arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general center, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armor. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valor in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armor, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, consider-

ably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honor which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succor, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle ax.

De Bracy and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined queen<sup>1</sup> of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

“It is thus,” said Prince John, “that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. — Ladies,” he said, “attend your queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honors.”

So saying, the prince marshaled Rowena to the seat of honor opposite his own, while the

<sup>1</sup> This was the Lady Rowena, ward of Cedric, who had been named queen of the day by the Disinherited Knight.

fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle ax at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such

opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honorable chivalry, was liable to be stript of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknighly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favor from the Queen of Beauty and Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to

each other, the leader of each party being in the center of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place. It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardor as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words — *Laissez aller!*<sup>1</sup> The trumpets sounded as he spoke — the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests — the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks

<sup>1</sup> Let go, *i.e.*, Go!

of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, — some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man, — some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise, — some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament, — and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.



The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois Guilbert shouted—“*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!*”<sup>1</sup>—For the Temple—For the Temple!” The opposite party shouted in answer—“*Desdichado! Desdichado!*”—which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader’s shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle ax. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

<sup>1</sup> *Beau-seant* was the name of the Templars’ banner, which was half black, half white, to intimate, it is said, that they were candid and fair towards Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming: "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! — Fight on — death is better than defeat! — Fight on, brave knights! — for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders

of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front de Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

“Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!” was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front de Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career.

Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front de Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

“Not I, by the light of Heaven!” answered

Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators, the name of *Le Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.<sup>1</sup>

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard beset; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!"

<sup>1</sup> This was King Richard I, who had returned to England in disguise, after a long absence in Palestine.

It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front de Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front de Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front de Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle ax which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup from which he was unable to draw his foot. His an-

tagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighboring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby de la Zouch, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who es-



caped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records, as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honor of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant*. It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armor, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet, and proclamation of

the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honors which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armor and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

“Disinherited Knight,” said Prince John, “since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honor which your valor has justly deserved.” The knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the brave and glory to the victor — while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honor which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action, since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus — his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short, fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet

trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valor assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armor, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breast-plate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

*From "IVANHOE."*

## THE ARCHERY CONTEST

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field ; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival. Nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver, and a silver baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those

days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment,<sup>1</sup> whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder.”

“Under favor, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.”

“And what is thy other reason?” said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

<sup>1</sup> This was a yeoman who, by his free speech, had offended Prince John on the previous day.

“Because,” replied the woodsman, “I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure.”

Prince John colored as he put the question, “What is thy name, yeoman?”

“Locksley,” answered the yeoman.

“Then, Locksley,” said Prince John, “thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart.”

“And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?” said the yeoman. — “Your Grace’s power, supported, as it is, by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow.”

“If thou refuseth my fair proffer,” said the prince, “the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven.”

“This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince,” said the yeoman, “to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they

should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men at arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. — And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.<sup>1</sup> The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts

<sup>1</sup> A long-distance shot.



which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

“Now, Locksley,” said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, “wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?”

“Sith it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.”

“That is but fair,” answered Prince John, “and it shall not be refused thee. — If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee.”

“A man can do but his best,” answered Hubert; “but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings,<sup>1</sup> and I trust not to dishonor his memory.”

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length

<sup>1</sup> The battle field where Duke William of Normandy conquered Harold, the last Saxon king.

he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

“You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,” said his antagonist, bending his bow, “or that had been a better shot.”

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

“By the light of heaven!” said Prince John to Hubert, “an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!”

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

“An your highness were to hang me,” he said, “a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow” —

“The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!” interrupted John, “shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!”

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

“A Hubert ! a Hubert !” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. “In the clout !—in the clout !—a Hubert forever !”

“Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,” said the prince, with an insulting smile.

“I will notch his shaft for him, however,” replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. “This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood,” whispered the yeomen to each other; “such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain.”

“And now,” said Locksley, “I will crave your Grace’s permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.”

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If

this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers — or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle,<sup>1</sup> or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. — "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the

<sup>1</sup> Knife.

bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

*From "IVANHOE."*

## REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone :  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray !  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

*From "IVANHOE."*



## THE BESIEGED CASTLE

[Cedric, his ward Rowena, the rich Jew Isaac, his daughter Rebecca, and Ivanhoe, while passing through a forest, were seized by the Norman knight Front de Bœuf and his followers. They were confined in his castle of Torquilstone, where De Bracy and Sir Brian demanded the hands of the women prisoners, and a heavy ransom from Isaac. Locksley and his men, however, accompanied by the Black Knight whose hand had proved so heavy at Ashby, laid siege to the castle. The desperate struggle that followed was watched by Rebecca and described to Ivanhoe who lay wounded in a room where she had taken refuge from Sir Brian.]

THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men at arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defense. The voices of the knights were heard animating their followers or directing means of defense, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there

was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,<sup>1</sup> — "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go — If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle ax to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! — It is in vain — it is in vain — I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "that sounds have ceased of a sudden — it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm — it

<sup>1</sup> Job xxxix, 23, 25.

will burst anon in all its fury. — Could I but reach yonder window !”

“Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not — you shall not !” exclaimed Ivanhoe ; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers ; some random shaft” —

“It shall be welcome !” murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

“Rebecca, dear Rebecca !” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “this is no maiden’s pastime — do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion ; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be.”

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed,

the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front de Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defense of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

“Under no ensign of war which I can observe,” answered Rebecca.

“A singular novelty,” muttered the knight, “to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! — Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?”

“A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous,” said the Jewess; “he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.”

“What device does he bear on his shield?” replied Ivanhoe.

“Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield.”

“A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure!” said Ivanhoe. “I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?”

“Scarce the device itself at this distance,” replied Rebecca; “but when the sun glances fair upon the shield, it shows as I tell you.”

“Seem there no other leaders?” exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

“None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,” said Rebecca; “but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance — God of Zion, protect us! — What a dreadful sight! — Those who advance first bear huge shields and

defenses made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. — They raise their bows! — God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!”

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettledrum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, “Saint George for merry England!” and the Normans answering them with loud cries of “*En avant*<sup>1</sup> *De Bracy!* — *Beauseant!* *Beauseant!* — *Front de Bœuf á la recourse*<sup>2</sup>!” according to the warcries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defense on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so “wholly together,” that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued

<sup>1</sup> Forward.

<sup>2</sup> To the rescue.

as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed, — by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front de Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defense proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large crossbows, as well as with their long bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

“And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath — Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.”

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

“What dost thou see, Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded knight.

“Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.”

“That cannot endure,” said Ivanhoe; “if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.”

“I see him not,” said Rebecca.

“Foul craven!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?”

“He blenches not! he blenches not!” said Rebecca, “I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. — They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. — His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. — They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are



thrust back! — Front de Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!”

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

“Look forth again, Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; “the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. — Look again, there is now less danger.”

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, “Holy prophets of the law! Front de Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!” She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, “He is down! — he is down!”

“Who is down?” cried Ivanhoe; “for our dear Lady’s sake, tell me which has fallen?”

“The Black Knight,” answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness — “But no — but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men’s strength in his single

arm. — His sword is broken — he snatches an ax from a yeoman — he presses Front de Bœuf with blow on blow. — The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls !”

“Front de Bœuf ?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“Front de Bœuf !” answered the Jewess ; “his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause. — They drag Front de Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they not ?” said Ivanhoe.

“They have — they have !” exclaimed Rebecca — “and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall ; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault — Great God ! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren !”

“Think not of that,” said Ivanhoe ; — “this is no time for such thought. — Who yield ? — who push their way ?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering ; “the soldiers lie groveling

under them like crushed reptiles. — The besieged have the better.”

“Saint George<sup>1</sup> strike for us!” exclaimed the knight; “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. — Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!”

“By Saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there were but one man in England that might do such a deed!”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca, “it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the outwork is won. — Oh, God! — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat. — O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

“The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca, “the Templar has de-

<sup>1</sup> A patron saint of the Crusaders; afterwards adopted as patron saint of England.

stroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. — Alas ! — I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

“What do they now, maiden ?” said Ivanhoe ; “look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

“It is over for the time,” answered Rebecca ; “our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them.”

“Our friends,” said Wilfred, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. — Oh, no ! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. — Singular,” he again muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*<sup>1</sup> ! — a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable — what may that mean ? — seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished ?”

“Nothing,” said the Jewess ; “all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further — but having

<sup>1</sup> Desperate courage.

once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! — it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

“Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, “thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. — Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house — I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years’ captivity to fight one day by that good knight’s side in such a quarrel as this!”

*From “IVANHOE.”*

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU<sup>1</sup>

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons !  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from the deep glen and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill plaid and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade and  
Strong hand that bears one.

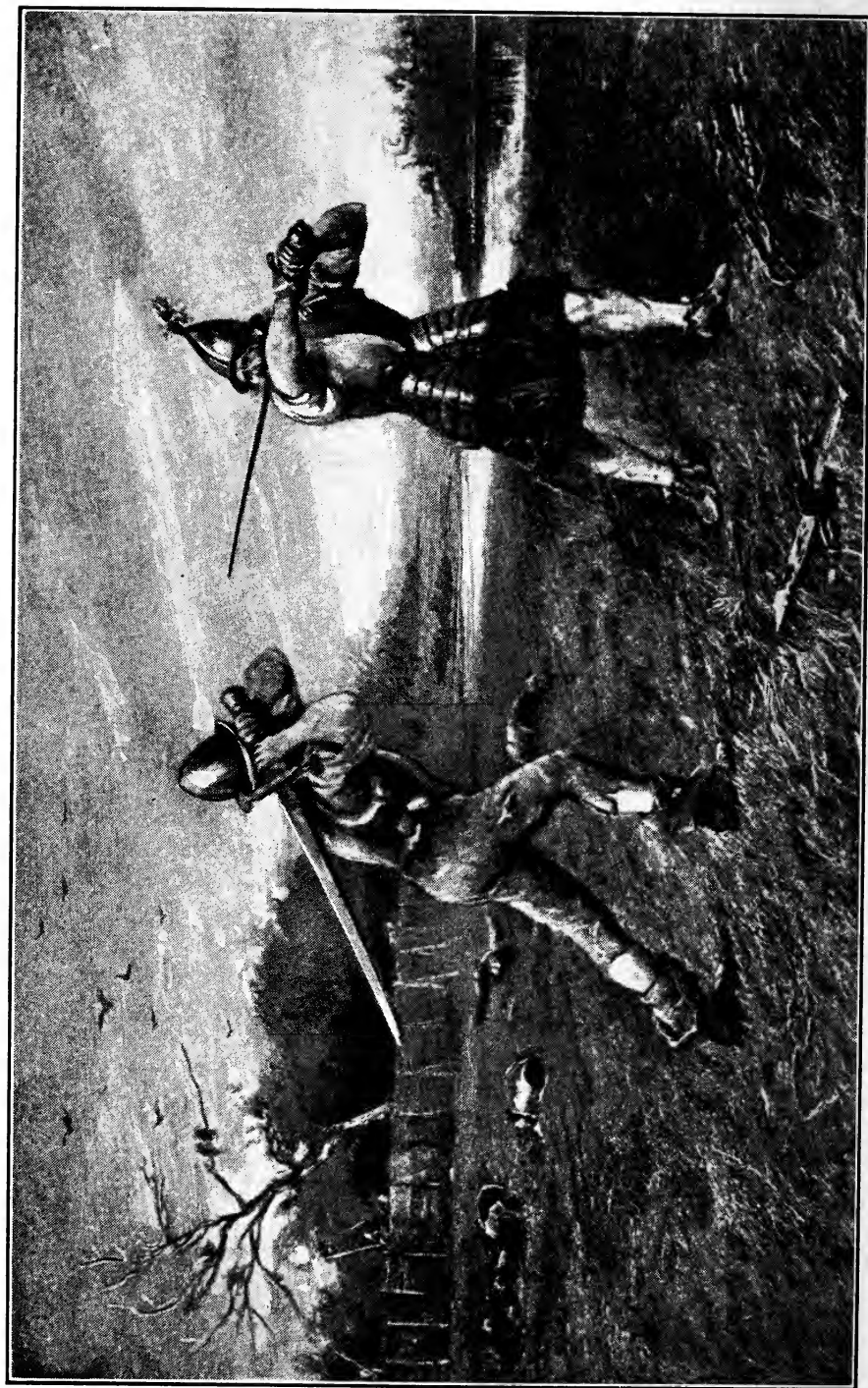
Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar ;

<sup>1</sup> This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald and is supposed to refer to the time when, in 1431, Donald Balloch of the Isles put to flight the Earls of Mar and Cathness at Inverlochy.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges :  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come when  
Navies are stranded :  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset !



THE BATTLE OF THE CLANS



## THE BATTLE OF THE CLANS

[It is a well-authenticated fact that in 1396 two powerful Scottish clans deputed thirty champions each to fight out a quarrel of long standing. This took place at Perth in the presence of King Robert III, his brother the Duke of Albany, and the whole court of Scotland. As Sir Walter says, this seems "to mark with equal distinctness the rancor of these mountain feuds, and the degraded condition of the general government of the country."

In Sir Walter's story of the battle these are the principal characters (in the order of their appearance):—

TORQUIL OF THE OAK, foster father to Eachin MacIan.

He and his eight sons, all formidable fighters, engage in the combat.

EACHIN MACIAN, or HECTOR, Chief of Clan Quhele.

MACGILLIE CHATTANACH, Chief of Clan Chattan.

FERQUHARD DAY, the deserting warrior of Clan Chattan.

LORD MARSHAL, the Earl of Crawford.

HIGH CONSTABLE, see Errol, Earl of.

HENRY OF THE WYND, or Henry Smith, a skilled armorer, and the most renowned swordsman of Perth.

ERROL, EARL OF, Sir Gilbert Hay, Lord High Constable of Scotland.

HECTOR, see Eachin MacIan.

NORMAN of the Hammer, son of Torquil.

TORMOT, the youngest son of Torquil.]

PALM SUNDAY now dawned. At an earlier period of the Christian Church, the use of any of

the days of Passion Week for the purpose of combat would have been accounted a profanity worthy of excommunication. The Church of Rome, to her infinite honor, had decided, that during the holy season of Easter, when the redemption of man from his fallen state was accomplished, the sword of war should be sheathed, and angry monarchs should respect the season termed the Truce of God. The ferocious violence of the latter wars betwixt Scotland and England had destroyed all observance of this decent and religious ordinance. Very often the most solemn occasions were chosen by one party for an attack, because they hoped to find the other engaged in religious duties, and unprovided for defense. Thus the truce, once considered as proper to the season, had been discontinued; and it became not unusual even to select the sacred festivals of the church for decision of the trial by combat, to which this intended contest bore a considerable resemblance.

On the present occasion, however, the duties of the day were observed with the usual solemnity, and the combatants themselves took share in them. Bearing branches of yew in their hands, as the readiest substitute for palm boughs, they marched respectively to the Dominican and Carthusian convents, to hear High Mass, and, by a show at least of devotion, to prepare themselves for the bloody strife of the day. Great care had of course

been taken, that, during this march, they should not even come within the sound of each other's bagpipes; for it was certain that, like gamecocks exchanging mutual notes of defiance, they would have sought out and attacked each other before they arrived at the place of combat.

The citizens of Perth crowded to see the unusual procession on the streets, and thronged the churches where the two clans attended their devotions, to witness their behavior, and to form a judgment from their appearance which was most likely to obtain the advantage in the approaching conflict. Their demeanor in the church, although not habitual frequenters of places of devotion, was perfectly decorous; and, notwithstanding their wild and untamed dispositions, there were few of the mountaineers who seemed affected either with curiosity or wonder. They appeared to think it beneath their dignity of character to testify either curiosity or surprise at many things which were probably then presented to them for the first time.

On the issue of the combat, few even of the most competent judges dared venture a prediction; although the great size of Torquil and his eight stalwart sons induced some, who professed themselves judges of the thews and sinews of men, to incline to ascribe the advantage to the party of the Clan Quhele. The opinion of the female sex

was much decided by the handsome form, noble countenance, and gallant demeanor of Eachin MacIan.

Presently the religious service of the day was ended; and those who had so lately borne palms in honor of the great event which brought peace on earth, and good will to the children of men, were now streaming to the place of combat; some prepared to take the lives of their fellow creatures, or to lose their own; others to view the deadly strife, with the savage delight which the heathens took in the contests of their gladiators.

The pipers of the Clan Chattan marched at the head of their column. Next followed the well-known banner, displaying a mountain cat rampant, with the appropriate caution, — “Touch not the cat but (*i.e.*, without) the glove.” The Chief followed with his two-handed sword advanced, as if to protect the emblem of the tribe. He was a man of middle stature, more than fifty years old, but betraying, neither in features nor form, any decay of strength, or symptoms of age. His dark-red, close-curved locks were in part checkered by a few grizzled hairs, but his step and gesture were as light in the dance, in the chase, or in the battle, as if he had not passed his thirtieth year. His gray eye gleamed with a wild light expressive of valor and ferocity mingled; but wisdom and experience dwelt on the expression of his forehead,

eyebrows, and lips. The chosen champions followed by two and two. There was a cast of anxiety on several of their faces, for they had that morning discovered the absence of one of their appointed number; and, in a contest so desperate as was expected, the loss seemed a matter of importance to all save to their high-mettled Chief, MacGillie Chattanach.

“Say nothing to the Saxons of his absence,” said this bold leader, when the diminution of his force was reported to him. “The false Lowland tongues might say that one of Clan Chattan was a coward, and perhaps that the rest favored his escape, in order to have a pretense to avoid the battle. Am not I man enough for two of the Clan Quhele? or would we not fight them fifteen to thirty, rather than lose the renown that this day will bring us?”

The tribe received the brave speech of their leader with applause, yet there were anxious looks thrown out in hopes of espying the return of the deserter; and perhaps the Chief himself was the only one of the determined band who was totally indifferent on the subject. MacGillie Chattanach marched on without seeming to observe the absence of the deserter, and entered upon the North Inch, a beautiful and level plain, closely adjacent to the city, and appropriated to the martial exercises of the inhabitants.

The plain is washed on one side by the deep and swelling Tay. There was erected within it a strong palisade, inclosing on three sides a space of one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy-four yards in width. The fourth side of the lists was considered as sufficiently fenced by the river. An amphitheater for the accommodation of spectators surrounded the palisade, leaving a large space free to be occupied by armed men on foot and horseback, and for the more ordinary class of spectators. At the extremity of the lists, which was nearest to the city, there was a range of elevated galleries for the King and his courtiers, so highly decorated with rustic treillage,<sup>1</sup> intermingled with gilded ornaments, that the spot retains to this day the name of the Golden, or Gilded Arbor.

The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe, advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers, who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their places by their respective *brattachs*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Latticework.

<sup>2</sup> Standards.

The multitude received both bands with the same general shout, with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be admitted to the interior. The Chief of the Clan Chattan declared himself willing and desirous of fighting upon the spot, without regard to the disparity of numbers.

“That,” said Torquil of the Oak, “Clan Quhele will never consent to. You can never win honor from us with the sword, and you seek but a subterfuge, that you may say when you are defeated, as you know you will be, that it was for want of the number of your band fully counted out. But I make a proposal — Ferquhard Day was the youngest of your band, Eachin MacIan is the youngest of ours — we will set him aside in place of the man who has fled from the combat.”

“A most unjust and unequal proposal,” exclaimed Toshach Beg, the second, as he might be termed, of MacGillie Chattanach. “The life of the Chief is to the clan the breath of our nostrils, nor will we ever consent that our Chief shall be exposed to dangers which the Captain of Clan Quhele does not share.”

“Hear me, Lord Marshal,” said the Constable. “The hour of combat may not be much longer postponed, for the day approaches to high noon. Let the Chief of Clan Chattan take the half hour which remains, to find, if he can, a substitute for this deserter; if he cannot, let them fight as they stand.”

“Content I am,” said the Marshal, “though, as none of his own clan are nearer than fifty miles, I see not how MacGillie Chattanach is to find an auxiliary.”

“That is his business,” said the High Constable; “but if he offers a high reward, there are enough of stout yeomen surrounding the lists, who will be glad enough to stretch their limbs in such a game as is expected. I myself, did my quality and charge permit, would blithely take a turn of work amongst these wild fellows, and think it fame won.”

They communicated their decision to the Highlanders, and the Chief of the Clan Chattan replied, — “You have judged impartially and nobly, my lords, and I deem myself obliged to follow your direction. — So make proclamation, heralds, that if any one will take his share with Clan Chattan of the honors and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in my ranks.”

“You are something chary of your treasure,



Chief," said the Earl Marshal; "a gold crown is poor payment for such a campaign as is before you."

"If there be any man willing to fight for honor," replied MacGillie Chattanach, "the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draws his sword for gold alone."

The heralds had made their progress, moving halfway round the lists, stopping from time to time, to make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highlanders, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None showed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd.

"Ha! what proclaim they?" he cried out.

"A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach," said the Host of the Griffin, "who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn wild cat for the day, and be killed a little in his service! That's all."

"How!" exclaimed the smith, eagerly, "do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?"

“Ay, marry do they,” said Griffin; “but I think they will find no such fools in Perth.”

He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, “Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, willing to do battle on the part of the Clan Chattan.”

A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while the grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry’s behavior, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The Provost was especially shocked.

“Thou art mad,” he said, “Henry! Thou hast neither two-handed sword nor shirt of mail.”

“Truly no,” said Henry, “for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay Chief of the Clan Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy’s brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one.”

“This must not be,” said Errol. “Hark thee, armorer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good Spanish sword.”

“I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay; but the yoke with which your brave ancestor turned the battle at Loncarty would serve my turn well enough. I am little used to sword or

harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being cracked, or the other lay on without snapping."

The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude, and passed into the town, that the dauntless smith was about to fight without armor, when, just as the fated hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a woman was heard screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. Henry joyfully received the well-known arms, and the woman with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, "God for the champion of the widow and orphan, and ill luck to all who come before him!"

Confident at feeling himself in his well-proved armor, Henry shook himself as if to settle the steel shirt around him, and, unsheathing the two-handed sword, made it flourish over his head, cutting the air through which it whistled in the form of the figure eight, with an ease and sleight of hand, that proved how powerfully and skillfully he could wield the ponderous weapon. The champions were now ordered to march in their turns around the lists, crossing so as to avoid meeting each other, and making obeisance as they

passed the Golden Arbor where the king was seated.

While this course was performing, most of the spectators were again curiously comparing the stature, limbs, and sinews of the two parties, and endeavoring to form a conjecture as to the probable issue of the combat. The feud of a hundred years, with all its acts of aggression and retaliation, was concentrated in the bosom of each combatant. Their countenances seemed fiercely writhen into the wildest expression of pride, hate, and a desperate purpose of fighting to the very last.

The spectators murmured a joyful applause, in high-wrought expectation of the bloody game. Wagers were offered and accepted, both on the general issue of the conflict and on the feats of particular champions. The clear, frank, and elated look of Henry Smith rendered him a general favorite among the spectators, and odds, to use the modern expression, were taken, that he would kill three of his opponents before he himself fell. Scarcely was the smith equipped for the combat, when the commands of the chiefs ordered the champions into their places.

Both parties were disposed by the respective chiefs in three lines, each containing ten men. They were arranged with such intervals between each individual as offered him scope to wield his sword, the blade of which was five feet long, not

including the handle. The second and third lines were to come up as reserves, in case the first experienced disaster. On the right of the array of Clan Quhele, the chief, Eachin MacIan, placed himself in the second line betwixt two of his foster brothers. Four of them occupied the right of the first line, whilst the father and two others protected the rear of the beloved chieftain. Torquil, in particular, kept close behind, for the purpose of covering him. Thus Eachin stood in the center of nine of the strongest men of his band, having four especial defenders in front, one on each hand, and three in his rear.

The line of the Clan Chattan was arranged in precisely the same order, only that the chief occupied the center of the middle rank, instead of being on the extreme right. This induced Henry Smith, who saw in the opposing bands only one enemy, and that was the unhappy Eachin, to propose placing himself on the left of the front rank of the Clan Chattan. But the leader disapproved of this arrangement; and having reminded Henry that he owed him obedience, as having taken wages at his hand, he commanded him to occupy the space in the third line, immediately behind himself, — a post of honor, certainly, which Henry could not decline, though he accepted of it with reluctance.

When the clans were thus drawn up opposed

to each other, they intimated their feudal animosity, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, which, uttered by the Clan Quhele, was answered and echoed back by the Clan Chattan, the whole at the same time shaking their swords, and menacing each other, as if they meant to conquer the imagination of their opponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.

The trumpets of the king sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together in the center of the ground, as a furious land torrent encounters an advancing tide.

For an instant or two the front lines, hewing at each other with their long swords, seemed engaged in a succession of single combats; but the second and third ranks soon came up on either side, actuated alike by the eagerness of hatred and the thirst of honor, pressed through the intervals, and rendered the scene a tumultuous chaos, over which the huge swords rose and sunk, some still glittering, others streaming with blood, appearing, from the wild rapidity with which they were swayed, rather to be put in motion by some complicated machinery than to be wielded by human hands. Some of the combatants, too much crowded together to use those long weapons, had

already betaken themselves to their poniards, and endeavored to get within the sword sweep of those opposed to them. In the meantime, blood flowed fast, and the groans of those who fell began to mingle with the cries of those who fought; for, according to the manner of the Highlanders at all times, they could hardly be said to shout, but to yell. Those of the spectators, whose eyes were best accustomed to such scenes of blood and confusion, could nevertheless discover no advantage yet acquired by either party. The conflict swayed, indeed, at different intervals forwards or backwards, but it was only in momentary superiority, which the party who acquired it almost instantly lost by a corresponding exertion on the other side. The wild notes of the pipers were still heard above the tumult, and stimulated to farther exertions the fury of the combatants.

At once, however, and as if by mutual agreement, the instruments sounded a retreat; it was expressed in wailing notes, which seemed to imply a dirge for the fallen. The two parties disengaged themselves from each other, to take breath for a few minutes. The eyes of the spectators greedily surveyed the shattered array of the combatants as they drew off from the contest, but found it still impossible to decide what had sustained the greater loss. It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists;

but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away) showed more wounded men than the Clan Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chin, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, showed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The Chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his bodyguard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when old Torquil, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings.

The two chiefs, after allowing their followers to breathe for the space of about ten minutes, again drew up in their files, diminished by nearly one third of their original number. They now chose their ground nearer to the river than that on which they had formerly encountered, which was encumbered with the wounded and the slain. Some of the former were observed, from time to time, to raise themselves to gain a glimpse of the field, and sink back, most of them to die from the effusion of blood which poured from the terrific gashes inflicted by the claymore.



Harry Smith was easily distinguished by his Lowland habit, as well as his remaining on the spot where they had first encountered, where he stood leaning on a sword beside a corpse, whose bonneted head, carried to ten yards' distance from the body by the force of the blow which had swept it off, exhibited the oak leaf, the appropriate ornament of the bodyguard of Eachin MacIan. Since he slew this man, Henry had not struck a blow, but had contented himself with warding off many that were dealt at himself, and some which were aimed at the chief. MacGillie Chattanach became alarmed, when, having given the signal that his men should again draw together, he observed that his powerful recruit remained at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them.

“What ails thee, man?” said the chief. “Can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come, and make in to the combat.”

“You as good as called me hireling but now,” replied Henry — “If I am such,” pointing to the headless corpse, “I have done enough for my day's wage.”

“He that serves me without counting his hours,” replied the chief, “I reward him without reckoning wages.”

“Then,” said the smith, “I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me.”

“All that is at your own discretion,” replied MacGillie Chattanach, who saw the prudence of humoring an auxiliary of such promise.

“It is enough,” said Henry; and shouldering his heavy weapon, he joined the rest of the combatants with alacrity, and placed himself opposite to the Chief of the Clan Quhele.

It was then, for the first time, that Eachin showed some uncertainty. He had long looked up to Henry as the best combatant which Perth and its neighborhood could bring into the lists; and when he beheld him with his eyes fixed in his direction, the dripping sword in his hand, and obviously meditating an attack on him individually, his courage fell, and he gave symptoms of wavering which did not escape his foster father.

It was lucky for Eachin that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to conceive the idea of one of his own tribe, much less of his chief and foster son, being deficient in animal courage. Could he have imagined this, his grief and rage might have driven him to the fierce extremity of taking Eachin's life, to save him from staining his honor. But his mind rejected the idea that his Dault was a personal coward, as something which was monstrous and unnatural. That he was under the influence of enchantment was a solution which superstition

had suggested, and he now anxiously, but in a whisper, demanded of Hector, "Does the spell now darken thy spirit, Eachin?"

"Yes, wretch that I am," answered the unhappy youth; "and yonder stands the fell enchanter!"

"What!" exclaimed Torquil, "and you wear harness of his making? — Norman, miserable boy, why brought you that accursed mail?"

"If my arrow has flown astray, I can but shoot my life after it," answered Norman-nan-Ord. "Stand firm, you shall see me break the spell."

"Yes, stand firm," said Torquil. "He may be a fell enchanter; but my own ear has heard, and my own tongue has told, that Eachin shall leave the battle whole, free, and unwounded — let us see the Saxon wizard who can gainsay that. He may be a strong man, but the fair forest of the oak shall fall, stock and bough, ere he lay a finger on my Dault. Ring around him, my sons, — '*Bas air son Eachin!*'"

The sons of Torquil shouted back the words, which signify, "Death for Hector."

Encouraged by their devotion, Eachin renewed his spirit, and called boldly to the minstrels of his clan, "*Seid suas,*" that is, "Strike up."

The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly than at first, as men who knew and respected

each other's valor. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman, however, sprang forward to cover his foster brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, as if both parties were willing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropt the long and cumbrous weapon, leapt lightly over the smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, "You taught me the stab!"

But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended, with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended forever. Even as it was, he was slightly wounded.

"Fool!" he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger backwards, "you were taught the thrust, but not the parry"; and fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young chief, who now stood open before him.

But the sonorous voice of Torquil thundered out, "*Far eil air son Eachin!*" (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren, who flanked their chief on each side, thrust forward upon Henry, and, striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive.

"Forward, race of the Tiger Cat!" cried Mac-Gillie Chattanach; "save the brave Saxon; let these kites feel your talons!"

Already much wounded, the chief dragged himself up to the smith's assistance, and cut down one of the *Leichtach*, by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other.

"*Reist air son Eachin!*" (Again for Hector), shouted the faithful foster father.

"*Bas air son Eachin!*" (Death for Hector), answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the fury of the smith and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valor, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their

swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their chief told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the chief's bodyguard, including Torquil himself.

They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to increase. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating, the band of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of "Another for Hector!" was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign, "Death for Hector!" and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pause.

The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance

used to intercept all blows leveled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk, through exhaustion, into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost.

The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and less encumbered with the bodies of the slain.

“For God’s sake — for the sake of the mercy which we daily pray for,” said the kind-hearted old king to the Duke of Albany, “let this be ended! Wherefore should these wretched rags and remnants of humanity be suffered to complete their butchery? — Surely they will now be ruled, and accept of peace on moderate terms?”

“Compose yourself, my liege,” said his brother. “These men are the pest of the Lowlands. Both chiefs are still living — if they go back unharmed, the whole day’s work is cast away. Remember your promise to the council, that you would not cry hold.”

“You compel me to a great crime, Albany, both as a king, who should protect his subjects,

and as a Christian man, who respects the brother of his faith."

"You judge wrong, my lord," said the Duke; "these are not loving subjects, but disobedient rebels, as my Lord of Crawford can bear witness; and they are still less Christian men, for the Prior of the Dominicans will vouch for me, that they are more than half heathen."

The King sighed deeply. "You must work your pleasure, and are too wise for me to contend with. I can but turn away, and shut my eyes from the sights and sounds of a carnage which makes me sicken. But well I know that God will punish me even for witnessing this waste of human life."

"Sound, trumpets," said Albany; "their wounds will stiffen if they dally longer."

While this was passing, Torquil was embracing and encouraging his young chief.

"Resist the witchcraft but a few minutes longer! Be of good cheer — you will come off without either scar or scratch, wem or wound. Be of good cheer!"

"How can I be of good cheer," said Eachin, "while my brave kinsmen have one by one died at my feet? — died all for me, who could never deserve the least of their kindness!"

"And for what were they born, save to die for their chief?" said Torquil composedly. "Why



lament that the arrow returns not to the quiver, providing it hit the mark? Cheer up yet — Here are Tormot and I but little hurt, while the wild-cats drag themselves through the plain as if they were half throttled by the terriers — Yet one brave stand, and the day shall be your own, though it may well be that you alone remain alive. — Minstrels, sound the gathering!”

The pipers on both sides blew their charge, and the combatants again mingled in battle, not indeed with the same strength, but with unabated inveteracy. They were joined by those whose duty it was to have remained neuter, but who now found themselves unable to do so. The two old champions who bore the standards had gradually advanced from the extremity of the lists, and now approached close to the immediate scene of action. When they beheld the carnage more nearly, they were mutually impelled by the desire to revenge their brethren, or not to survive them. They attacked each other furiously with the lances to which the standards were attached, closed after exchanging several deadly thrusts, then grappled in close strife, still holding their banners, until at length, in the eagerness of their conflict, they fell together into the Tay, and were found drowned after the combat, closely locked in each other's arms. The fury of battle, the frenzy of rage and despair, infected next the

minstrels. The two pipers, who, during the conflict, had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their brethren, now saw the dispute well-nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it.

Meanwhile, in the final charge, young Tormot, devoted, like his brethren, by his father Torquil to the protection of his chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing sword of the smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen, and Torquil, with his foster son, and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day.

“My son Tormot!” he said, “my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all. — Now, my darling Dault, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armor, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so, I will rush on these crippled men, and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die.”

While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young chief’s hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart.

“My father, my father, my more than parent!” said the unhappy Eachin — “Stay with me! — with you by my side, I feel I can fight to the last.”

“It is impossible,” said Torquil. “I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!”

And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!* — The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout, he struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively

straggling towards him. — “Brave battle, hawk — well flown, falcon !” exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined,<sup>1</sup> hewed and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day ; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognized the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child ; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict, had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants — that of engaging in single combat with Hector. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.

Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster brother’s harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly de-

<sup>1</sup> Lunged.

terminated to take his share in the death-fight, his foster father fell, cleft from the collar bone well-nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!* — The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armor, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy — all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death; and drawing one ineffectual blow at the smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream of the Tay. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river, although, perhaps, not a dozen of those who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances.

Thus ended this celebrated conflict of the North

Inch of Perth. Of sixty-four brave men (the minstrels and standard bearers included) who strode manfully to the fatal field, seven alone survived, who were conveyed from thence in litters, in a case little different from the dead and dying around them, and mingled with them in the sad procession which conveyed them from the scene of their strife. Eachin alone had left it void of wounds, and void of honor.

It remains but to say, that not a man of the Clan Quhele survived the bloody combat, except the fugitive chief; and the consequence of the defeat was the dissolution of their confederacy. The clans of which it consisted are now only matter of conjecture to the antiquary, for, after this eventful contest, they never assembled under the same banner. The Clan Chattan, on the other hand, continued to increase and flourish; and the best families of the Northern Highlands boast their descent from the race of the Cat-a-Mountain.

*From "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH."*

## THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

[The Battle of Harlaw was fought July 24, 1411, between the Lowlanders led by the Earl of Mar, and the Highlanders under Donald of the Isles. The latter army was considerably the larger, but victory rested with the Lowlanders.]

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,  
And listen great and sma',  
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl  
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
And down the Don and a',  
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be  
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
They hae bridled a hundred black,  
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely ten,  
When Donald came branking <sup>1</sup> down the brae  
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their glaives were glancing clear,  
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,  
Would deafen ye to hear.

<sup>1</sup> Prancing.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,  
 That Highland host to see :  
 “Now here a knight that’s stout and good  
 May prove a jeopardie :

“What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,  
 That rides beside my reyne, —  
 Were ye Glenallan’s Earl the day,  
 And I were Roland Cheyne ?

“To turn the rein were sin and shame,  
 To fight were wondrous peril, —  
 What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,  
 Were ye Glenallan’s Earl ?”

“Were I Glenallan’s Earl this tide,  
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
 The spur should be in my horse’s side,  
 And the bridle upon his mane.

“If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
 And we twice ten times ten,  
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
 And we are mail-clad men.

“My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,  
 As through the moorland fern, —  
 Then ne’er let the gentle Norman blude  
 Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”<sup>1</sup>

*From* “THE ANTIQUARY.”

<sup>1</sup> Foot soldiers.



## CORONACH<sup>1</sup>

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fount, reappearing,  
From the raindrop shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary ;  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest ;  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,<sup>2</sup>  
Sage counsel in cumber,<sup>3</sup>  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !

<sup>1</sup> The Coronach of the Highlanders was a wild lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend.

<sup>2</sup> Hollow in which game hides.

<sup>3</sup> Trouble, difficulty.

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and forever !

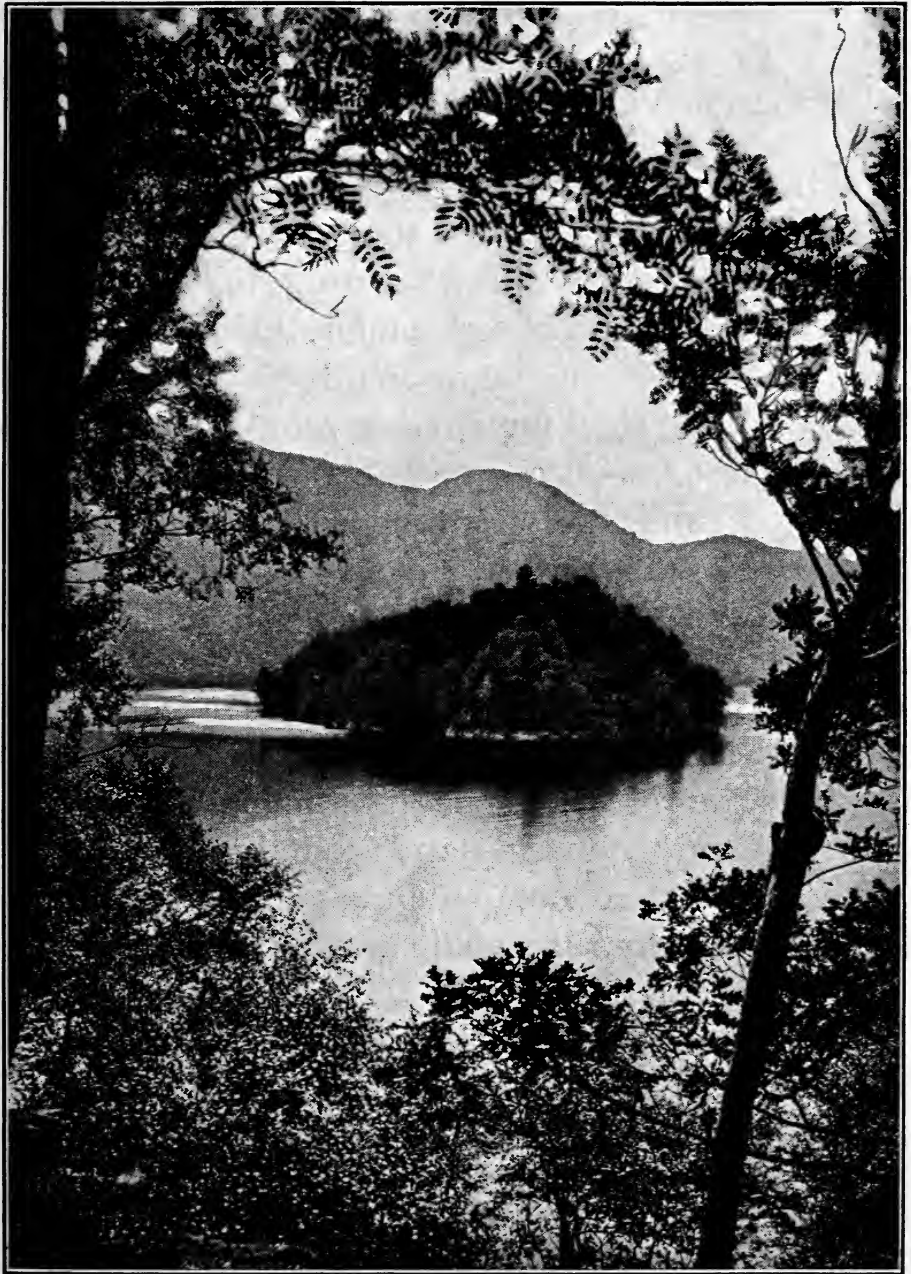
*From "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."*

### BOAT SONG

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
 Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine !  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
     Heaven send it happy dew,  
     Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,  
     While every Highland glen  
     Sends our shout back again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane,<sup>1</sup> in winter to fade ;  
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the  
     mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
     Moored in the rifted rock,  
     Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;

<sup>1</sup> May day.



LOCH KATRINE

Menteith<sup>1</sup> and Breadalbane,<sup>2</sup> then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied ;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands !  
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine !  
 Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands<sup>4</sup>  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !  
 Oh, that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem  
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow !  
 Loud shall Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

*From "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."*

<sup>1</sup> The watershed of the river Teith.

<sup>2</sup> Breadalbane is the country around Loch Tay, north of Loch Lomond.

<sup>3</sup> All places mentioned in this stanza are near Loch Lomond.

<sup>4</sup> The reference is to Ellen Douglas, whose hand is sought in marriage by Roderigh, Chief of Clan Alpine.

## JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?  
Why weep ye by the tide ?  
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride :  
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen” —  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale ;  
Young Frank is chief of Erington,  
And lord of Langley-dale ;  
His step is first in peaceful ha’,  
His sword in battle keen” —  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair ;  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;  
And you, the foremost o’ them a’,  
Sall ride our forest queen” —  
But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmered fair ;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;  
The ladie was not seen !  
She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

## WHY KING LOUIS CHANGED HIS MIND

[At this period of history, Charles, the Duke of Burgundy, was well-nigh as powerful a sovereign prince as Louis XI, King of France. The rivalry between them was bitter. Martius Galeotti, the astrologer, advised Louis to visit Charles, assuring him that the outcome of his undertaking would be favorable. The news of the murder of the bishop of Liège, a near relative of the duke, arrives most inopportunistly. Charles suspects, and with reason, Louis's complicity and causes his arrest. The Count of Crèvecoeur acts as his jailer, and Louis is granted permission to choose six personal attendants. His selection is Oliver, his barber; Le Balafre, a Swiss guard; Tristan l'Hermite, the provost marshal; Petit-André and Trois-Eschelles, Tristan's hangmen; and last, but by no means least, Martius Galeotti, the astrologer.

Le Glorieux, Charles's jester, accompanies Louis to his prison.]

### I

FORTY men at arms, carrying alternately naked swords and blazing torches, served as the escort, or rather the guard, of King Louis, from the town hall of Peronne to the Castle; and as he entered within its darksome and gloomy strength, it seemed as if a voice screamed in his ear that warning which the Florentine<sup>1</sup> has inscribed over the portal of the infernal regions, "Leave all hope behind!"

<sup>1</sup> Dante.



KING LOUIS XI



Meanwhile, the seneschal, hastily summoned, was turning with laborious effort the ponderous key which opened the reluctant gate of the huge Gothic keep, and was at last fain to call for the assistance of one of Crèveœur's attendants. When they had succeeded, six men entered with torches, and showed the way through a narrow and winding passage, commanded at different points by shot holes from vaults and casements constructed behind, and in the thickness of the massive walls. At the end of this passage arose a stair of corresponding rudeness, consisting of huge blocks of stone, roughly dressed with the hammer, and of unequal height. Having mounted this ascent, a strong iron-clenched door admitted them to what had been the great hall of the donjon, lighted but very faintly even during the daytime (for the apertures, diminished in appearance by the excessive thickness of the walls, resembled slits rather than windows), and now, but for the blaze of the torches, almost perfectly dark. Two or three bats, and other birds of evil presage, roused by the unusual glare, flew against the lights, and threatened to extinguish them; while the seneschal formally apologized to the king, that the state hall had not been put in order, such was the hurry of the notice sent to him; and adding, that, in truth, the apartment had not been in use for twenty years, and rarely before

that time, so far as ever he had heard, since the time of King Charles the Simple.

“King Charles the Simple!” echoed Louis; “I know the history of the Tower now. — He was here murdered by his treacherous vassal, Herbert, Earl of Vermandois. — So say our annals. — *Here*, then, my predecessor was slain?”

“Not here, not exactly here, and please your Majesty,” said the old seneschal, stepping with the eager haste of a cicerone, who shows the curiosities of such a place — “Not *here*, but in the side-chamber a little onward, which opens from your Majesty’s bedchamber.”

He hastily opened a wicket at the upper end of the hall, which led into a bedchamber, small, as is usual in such old buildings; but, even for that reason, rather more comfortable than the waste hall through which they had passed. Some hasty preparations had been here made for the king’s accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, a fire lighted in the rusty grate, which had been long unused, and a pallet laid down for those gentlemen who were to pass the night in his chamber, as was then usual.

“We will get beds in the hall for the rest of your attendants,” said the garrulous old man; “but we have had such brief notice, if it please your Majesty. — And if it please your Majesty to look upon this little wicket behind the arras, it opens

into the little old cabinet in the thickness of the wall where Charles was slain; and there is a secret passage from below, which admitted the men who were to deal with him. And your Majesty, whose eyesight I hope is better than mine, may see the blood still on the oak floor, though the thing was done five hundred years ago."

While he thus spoke, he kept fumbling to open the postern of which he spoke, until the king said, "Forbear, old man — forbear but a little while, when thou mayst have a newer tale to tell, and fresher blood to show. — My Lord of Crèveœur, what say you?"

"I can but answer, Sire, that these two interior apartments are as much at your Majesty's disposal as those in your own castle at Plessis,<sup>1</sup> and that Crèveœur, a name never blackened by treachery or assassination, has the guard of the exterior defenses of it."

"But the private passage into that closet, of which the old man speaks?" This King Louis said in a low and anxious tone, holding Crèveœur's arm fast with one hand, and pointing to the wicket door with the other.

"It must be some dream of Mornay's," said Crèveœur, "or some old and absurd tradition of the place; — but we will examine."

<sup>1</sup> Plessis les Tours, a castle near Tours, France, noted as the residence of Louis XI.

He was about to open the closet door, when Louis answered, "No, Crèveœur, no! — Your honor is sufficient warrant. — But what will your duke do with me, Crèveœur? He cannot hope to keep me long a prisoner; and — in short, give me your opinion, Crèveœur."

"My Lord and Sire," said the count, "how the Duke of Burgundy must resent this horrible cruelty on the person of his near relative and ally is for your Majesty to judge; and what right he may have to consider it as instigated by your Majesty's emissaries, you only can know. But my master is noble in his disposition, and made incapable, even by the very strength of his passions, of any underhand practices. Whatever he does, will be done in the face of day, and of the two nations."

"Ah! Crèveœur," said Louis, taking his hand as if affected by some painful recollections, "how happy is the Prince who has counselors near him, who can guard him against the effects of his own angry passions! Noble Crèveœur, had it been my lot to have such as thou art about *my* person!"

"It had in that case been your Majesty's study to have got rid of them as fast as you could," said Le Glorieux.

"Aha! Sir Wisdom, art thou there?" said Louis, turning round, and instantly changing the pathetic tone in which he had addressed Crèveœur,

and adopting with facility one which had a turn of gayety in it—"Here, my sagacious friend, take this purse of gold, and with it the advice, never to be so great a fool as to deem yourself wiser than other people. Prithee, do me so much favor as to inquire after my astrologer, Martius Galeotti, and send him hither to me presently."

"I will, without fail, my Liege," answered the jester; "and I wot well I shall find him at Jan Dopplethur's; for philosophers, as well as fools, know where the best wine is sold."

"Let me pray for free entrance for this learned person through your guards, Seignior de Crève-cœur," said Louis.

"For his entrance, unquestionably," answered the Count; "but it grieves me to add, that my instructions do not authorize me to permit any one to quit your Majesty's apartments. — I wish your Majesty a good night," he subjoined, "and will presently make such arrangements in the outer hall, as may put the gentlemen who are to inhabit it more at their ease."

"Give yourself no trouble for them, Sir Count," replied the king, "they are men accustomed to set hardships at defiance; and, to speak truth, excepting that I wish to see Galeotti, I would desire as little further communication from without this night as may be consistent with your instructions."

“These are, to leave your Majesty,” replied Crèveœur, “undisputed possession of your own apartments. Such are my master’s orders.”

The Count of Crèveœur took his leave; and shortly after, they could hear the noise of the sentinels moving to their posts, accompanied with the word of command from the officers, and the hasty tread of the guard who were relieved. At length all became still, and the only sound which filled the air was the sluggish murmur of the river Somme, as it glided, deep and muddy, under the walls of the castle.

“Go into the hall, my mates,” said Louis to his train; “but do not lie down to sleep. Hold yourselves in readiness, for there is still something to be done to-night, and that of moment.”

Oliver and Tristan retired to the hall accordingly, in which Le Balafre and the Provost Marshal’s two officers had remained, when the others entered the bedchamber. They found that those without had thrown fagots enough upon the fire to serve the purpose of light and heat at the same time, and, wrapping themselves in their cloaks, had sat down on the floor, in postures which variously expressed the discomposure and dejection of their minds.

Meanwhile, their master underwent, in the retirement of his secret chamber, agonies that might have atoned for some of those which had

been imposed by his command. He paced the room with short and unequal steps, often stood still and clasped his hands together, and gave loose, in short, to agitation, which, in public, he had found himself able to suppress so successfully. At length, pausing, and wringing his hands, he gradually gave voice to his feelings in a broken soliloquy.

“Charles the Simple — Charles the Simple ! — what will posterity call the Eleventh Louis, whose blood will probably soon refresh the stains of thine ? Louis the Fool — Louis the Driveler — Louis the Infatuated — are all terms too slight to mark the extremity of my idiocy ! Fool, and double idiot that I was ! But the villain Martius shall not escape. — He has been at the bottom of this. — I am yet king enough — have yet an empire roomy enough — for the punishment of the quack-salving, word-mongering, star-gazing, lie-coining impostor, who has at once made a prisoner and a dupe of me !”

The king thrust his head out at the door of the hall, and summoned Le Balafre into his apartment. “My good soldier,” he said, “thou hast served me long, and hast had little promotion. We are here in a case where I may either live or die ; but I would not willingly die an ungrateful man, or leave, so far as the saints may place it in my power, either a friend or an enemy unrecompensed. Now, I have a friend to be rewarded,

that is thyself — an enemy to be punished according to his deserts, and that is the base, treacherous villain, Martius Galeotti. And hear you — when Galeotti is admitted, and the door shut on him, do you stand to your weapon, and guard the entrance on the inside of the apartment. Let no one intrude — that is all I require of you. Go hence, and send the provost marshal to me.”

Balafré left the apartment accordingly, and in a minute afterwards Tristan l’Hermite entered from the hall.

“Welcome, gossip,” said the king; “what thinkest thou of our situation?”

“As of men sentenced to death,” said the Provost Marshal, “unless there come a reprieve from the duke.”

“Reprieved or not, he that decoyed us into this snare shall go our *fourrier*<sup>1</sup> to the next world, to take up lodgings for us,” said the king, with a grisly and ferocious smile. “Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice. Thou must stand by me to the end.”

“I will, my liege,” said Tristan; “I am but a plain fellow, but I am grateful. I will do my duty within these walls, or elsewhere; and while I live, your Majesty’s breath shall pour as potential a note of condemnation, and your sentence be as literally executed, as when you sat on your own

<sup>1</sup> Fore-runner.



throne. They may deal with me the next hour for it if they will — I care not.”

“It is even what I expected of thee, my loving gossip,” said Louis; “but hast thou good assistance? — The traitor is strong and able-bodied, and will doubtless be clamorous for aid. Have you men, think you, and means, to make sharp and sure work?”

“I have Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André with me,” said he — “men so expert in their office, that out of three men, they would hang up one ere his two companions were aware. And we have all resolved to live or die with your Majesty, knowing we shall have as short breath to draw when you are gone, as ever fell to the lot of any of our patients. — But what is to be our present subject, an it please your Majesty? I love to be sure of my man; for, as your Majesty is pleased sometimes to remind me, I have now and then mistaken the criminal, and strung up in his place an honest laborer, who had given your Majesty no offense.”

“Most true,” said the other. “Know then, Tristan, that the condemned person is Martius Galeotti. — You start, but it is even as I say: The villain hath trained us all hither by false and treacherous representations, that he might put us into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy without defense.”

“But not without vengeance!” said Tristan; “were it the last act of my life, I would sting him home like an expiring wasp, should I be crushed to pieces on the next instant! Would you have it done in your own presence, my gracious liege?”

Louis declined this offer; but charged the provost marshal to have everything ready for the punctual execution of his commands the moment the astrologer left his apartment; “for,” said the king, “I will see the villain once more, just to observe how he bears himself towards the master whom he has led into the toils. I shall love to see the sense of approaching death strike the color from that ruddy cheek, and dim that eye which laughed as it lied. — Why do you tarry? Go get your grooms ready. I expect the villain instantly. I pray to Heaven he take not fear and come not! — that were indeed a baulk. Begone, Tristan — thou wert not wont to be so slow when business was to be done.”

“On the contrary, an it like your Majesty, you were ever wont to say that I was too fast, and mistook your purpose, and did the job on the wrong subject. Now, please your Majesty to give me a sign, just when you part with Galeotti for the night, whether the business goes on or no. I have known your Majesty once or twice change your mind, and blame me for over despatch.”

“Thou suspicious creature,” answered King Louis, “I tell thee I will *not* change my mind; — but to silence thy remonstrances, observe, if I say to the knave at parting, ‘There is a Heaven above us!’ then let the business go on; but if I say, ‘Go in peace,’ you will understand that my purpose is altered.”

“My head is somewhat of the dullest out of my own department,” said Tristan l’Hermite. “Stay, let me rehearse — If you bid him depart in peace, I am to have him dealt upon?”

“No, no — idiot, no!” said the king; “in that case you let him pass free. But if I say, ‘*There is a Heaven above us!*’ up with him a yard or two nearer the planets he is so conversant with.”

The provost marshal left the apartment of Louis, and summoned his two assistants to council in an embrasure in the great hall, where Trois-Eschelles stuck a torch against the wall to give them light. With infinite dexterity, and even a sort of professional delight which sweetened the sense of their own precarious situation, the worthy executioners of the provost’s mandates adapted their rope and pulley for putting in force the sentence which had been uttered against Galeotti by the captive Monarch — seeming to rejoice that that last action was to be one so consistent with their past life.

## II

Le Glorieux had no trouble in executing his commission, betaking himself at once to the best tavern in Peronne. He found, or rather observed, the astrologer in the corner of the public drinking room.

“Cousin Philosopher,” said the jester, presenting himself, “I come to guide you to the apartments of Louis of France.”

“How if I refuse to come, when summoned at so late an hour by such a messenger?” said Galeotti.

“In that case we will consult your ease, and carry you,” said Le Glorieux. “Here are half a score of stout Burgundian yeomen at the door, with whom he of Crèveccœur has furnished me to that effect.”

“I attend you, sir,” said Martius Galeotti, and accompanied Le Glorieux accordingly — seeing, perhaps, that no evasion was possible.

“Ay, sir,” said the fool, as they went towards the Castle, “you do well; for we treat our kinsman as men use an old famished lion in his cage, and thrust him now and then a calf to mumble, to keep his old jaws in exercise.”

“Do you mean,” said Martius, “that the king intends me bodily injury?”

“Nay, that you can guess better than I,” said the jester; “for, though the night be cloudy, I warrant you can see the stars through the mist. I know nothing of the matter, not I — only my mother always told me to go warily near an old rat in a trap, for he was never so much disposed to bite.”

The astrologer asked no more questions, and Le Glorieux, according to the custom of those of his class, continued to run on in a wild and disordered strain of sarcasm and folly mingled together, until he delivered the philosopher to the guard at the castle gate of Peronne, where he was passed from warder to warder, and at length admitted within Herbert’s Tower.

The hints of the jester had not been lost on Martius Galeotti, and he saw something which seemed to confirm them in the look and manner of Tristan, whose mode of addressing him, as he marshaled him to the king’s bedchamber, was lowering, sullen, and ominous. A close observer of what passed on earth, as well as among the heavenly bodies, the pulley and the rope also caught the astrologer’s eye; and as the latter was in a state of vibration, he concluded that some one who had been busy adjusting it had been interrupted in the work by his sudden arrival. All this he saw, and summoned together his subtilty to evade the impending danger, resolved,

should he find that impossible, to defend himself to the last against whomsoever should assail him.

Thus resolved, and with a step and look corresponding to the determination he had taken, Martius presented himself before Louis, alike unabashed at the miscarriage of his predictions, and undismayed at the monarch's anger, and its probable consequences.

"Every good planet be gracious to your Majesty!" said Galeotti, with an inclination almost Oriental in manner — "Every evil constellation withhold their influences from my royal master!"

"Methinks," replied the king, "that when you look around this apartment, when you think where it is situated, and how guarded, your wisdom might consider that my propitious stars had proved faithless, and that each evil conjunction had already done its worst. Art thou not ashamed, Martius Galeotti, to see me here, and a prisoner, when you recollect by what assurances I was lured hither?"

"And art *thou* not ashamed, my royal sire?" replied the philosopher; "thou, whose step in science was so forward, thy apprehension so quick, thy perseverance so unceasing, — art thou not ashamed to turn from the first frown of fortune, like a craven from the first clash of arms? Believe me, that kings in the plenitude of power, if immersed in ignorance and prejudice, are less free

than sages in a dungeon, and loaded with material chains. Towards this true happiness it is mine to guide you — be it yours to attend to my instructions.”

“And it is to such philosophical freedom that your lessons would have guided me?” said the king, very bitterly. “I might surely have attained this mental ascendancy at a more moderate price than that of forfeiting the fairest crown in Christendom, and becoming tenant of a dungeon in Peronne! Go, sir, and think not to escape condign punishment — *There is a Heaven above us!*”

“I leave you not to your fate,” replied Martius, “until I have vindicated, even in your eyes, darkened as they are, that reputation, a brighter gem than the brightest in thy crown, and at which the world shall wonder, ages after all the race of Capet<sup>1</sup> are moldered into oblivion in the charnels of Saint Denis.”<sup>2</sup>

“Speak on,” said Louis; “thine impudence cannot make me change my purposes or my opinion.— Confess that I am a dupe, thou an impostor, thy pretended science a dream, and the planets which shine above us as little influential of our destiny, as their shadows, when reflected in the river, are capable of altering its course.”

<sup>1</sup> A surname of the kings of France.

<sup>2</sup> Burial place of the French kings.

“And how know’st thou,” answered the astrologer, boldly, “the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Louis of Valois, answer my parable in turn.—Confess, art thou not like the foolish passenger, who becomes wroth with his pilot because he cannot bring the vessel into harbor without experiencing occasionally the adverse force of winds and currents? I could indeed point to thee the probable issue of thine enterprise as prosperous, but it was in the power of Heaven alone to conduct thee thither; and if the path be rough and dangerous, was it in my power to smooth or render it more safe? The End is not as yet—thine own tongue shall ere long confess the benefit which thou hast received.”

“This is too—too insolent,” said the king, “at once to deceive and to insult.—But hence!—think not my wrongs shall be unavenged.—*There is a Heaven above us!*”

Galeotti turned to depart. “Yet stop,” said Louis—“thou bearest thine imposture bravely out.—Let me hear your answer to one question, and think ere you speak.—Can thy pretended skill ascertain the hour of thine own death?”

“Only by referring to the fate of another,” said Galeotti.

“I understand not thine answer,” said Louis.

“Know then, O King,” said Martius, “that this only I can tell with certainty concerning mine



own death, that it shall take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty.”

“Ha ! say'st thou ?” said Louis, his countenance again altering. — “Hold — hold — go not — wait one moment. — Saidst thou, *my* death should follow *thine* so closely ?”

“Within the space of twenty-four hours,” repeated Galeotti, firmly, “if there be one sparkle of true divination in those bright and mysterious intelligences, which speak, each on their courses, though without a tongue. — I wish your Majesty good rest.”

“Hold — hold — go not,” said the King, taking him by the arm, and leading him from the door. “Martius Galeotti, I have been a kind master to thee — enriched thee — made thee my friend — my companion — the instructor of my studies. — Be open with me, I entreat you. — Is the measure of our lives so very — *very* nearly matched ? Confess, my good Martius, you speak after the trick of your trade. — Confess, I pray you, and you shall have no displeasure at my hand. — Tell me in sincerity. — Have you fooled me ? — Or is your science true, and do you truly report it ?”

“Your Majesty will forgive me if I reply to you,” said Martius Galeotti, “that time only — time and the event, will convince incredulity. A day, or two days' patience, will prove or dis-

prove what I have averred ; and I will be contented to die on the wheel, and have my limbs broken joint by joint, if your Majesty have not advantage. But if I were to die under such tortures, it would be well your Majesty should seek a ghostly father ; for, from the moment my last groan is drawn, only twenty-four hours will remain to you for confession and penitence.”

Louis continued to keep hold of Galeotti's robe as he led him towards the door, and pronounced as he opened it, in a loud voice, “To-morrow we'll talk more of this. Go in peace, my learned father — *Go in peace — Go in peace!*”

He repeated these words three times ; and, still afraid that the provost marshal might mistake his purpose, he led the astrologer into the hall, holding fast his robe, as if afraid that he should be torn from him, and put to death before his eyes. He did not unloose his grasp until he had not only repeated again and again the gracious phrase, “Go in peace,” but even made a private signal to the provost marshal, to enjoin a suspension of all proceedings against the person of the astrologer.

Thus did the possession of some secret information, joined to audacious courage and readiness of wit, save Galeotti from the most imminent danger ; and thus was Louis, the most sagacious as well as the most vindictive, amongst the mon-

archs of the period, cheated of his revenge by the influence of superstition upon a selfish temper, and a mind to which, from the consciousness of many crimes, the fear of death was peculiarly terrible.

*From "QUENTIN DURWARD."*

## COUNTY GUY

AN ! County <sup>1</sup> Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,  
Sits hushed his partner nigh ;  
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade  
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;  
To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
Sings high-born Cavalier ;  
The star of Love, all stars above,  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
And high and low the influence know, —  
But where is County Guy ?

*From "QUENTIN DURWARD."*

## THE SUN UPON THE LAKE

THE sun upon the lake is low,  
The wild birds hush their song,  
The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
Yet Leonard tarries long.

<sup>1</sup> Count.

Now all whom varied toil and care  
From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset may repair  
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high  
Who waits her gallant knight,  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
The flash of armor bright.  
The village maid, with hand on brow  
The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swam apart ;  
And to the thicket wanders slow  
The hind beside the hart.  
The woodlark at his partner's side  
Titters his closing song —  
All meet whom day and care divide,  
But Leonard tarries long.

*From "THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL."*

## THE BATTLE OF NEUFCHATEL

[The Swiss Confederates had trade grievances against Charles the Bold of Burgundy. An embassy led by Arnold Biederman traveled to Charles's court to seek a favorable adjustment of the difficulties. Charles heard their plea but dismissed them rudely. War was the result; the battle of Neufchatel was fought between the Swiss and the Burgundians; Sigismund, a son of Arnold Biederman, tells the story of the day, to his friend Arthur, the son of an English nobleman.]

It was at no time easy for Sigismund to arrange his ideas, and now they were altogether confused, by the triumphant joy which he expressed for the recent victory of his countrymen over the Duke of Burgundy; and it was with wonder that Arthur heard his confused and rude, but faithful tale.

“Look you, King Arthur, the Duke had come up with his huge army as far as Granson, which is near the outlet of the great lake of Neufchatel. There were five or six hundred confederates in the place, and they held it till provisions failed, and then you know they were forced to give it over. But though hunger is hard to bear, they had better have borne it a day or two longer, for the butcher Charles hung them all up by the neck, upon trees round the place,—and there was no

swallowing for them, you know, after such usage as that. Meanwhile all was busy on our hills, and every man that had a sword or lance accoutered himself with it. We met at Neufchatel, and some Germans joined us with the noble Duke of Lorraine. Ah, King Arthur, there is a leader! — we all think him second but to Rudolph of Donnerhugel — you saw him even now — it was he that went into that room — and you saw him before, — it is he that was the Blue Knight of Bâle; but we called him Lawrenz then, for Rudolph said, his presence among us must not be known to our father, and I did not know myself at that time who he really was. Well, when he came to Neufchatel, we were a goodly company; we were fifteen thousand stout confederates, and of others, Germans and Lorraine men, I will warrant you five thousand more. We heard that the Burgundian was sixty thousand in the field; but we heard, at the same time, that Charles had hung up our brethren like dogs, and the man was not among us — among the confederates I mean — who would stay to count heads, when the question was to avenge them. I would you could have heard the roar of fifteen thousand Swiss demanding to be led against the butcher of their brethren! My father himself, who, you know, is usually so eager for peace, now gave the first voice for battle; so, in the gray of the morning, we descended the

lake towards Granson, with tears in our eyes and weapons in our hands, determined to have death or vengeance. We came to a sort of strait, between Vauxmoreux and the lake; there were horse on the level ground between the mountain and the lake, and a large body of infantry on the side of the hill. The Duke of Lorraine and his followers engaged the horse, while we climbed the hill to dispossess the infantry. It was with us the affair of a moment. Every man of us was at home among the crags, and Charles's men were stuck among them as thou wert, Arthur, when thou didst first come to Geierstein. But there were no kind maidens to lend them their hands to help them down. No, no — there were pikes, clubs, and halberds, many a one, to dash and thrust them from places where they could hardly keep their feet had there been no one to disturb them. So the horsemen, pushed by the Lorrainers, and seeing us upon their flanks, fled as fast as their horses could carry them. Then we drew together again on a fair field, which is *buon campagna*, as the Italian says, where the hills retire from the lake. But lo you, we had scarce arrayed our ranks, when we heard such a din and clash of instruments, such a trample of their great horses, such a shouting and crying of men, as if all the soldiers, and all the minstrels in France and Germany, were striving which should make the loudest noise. Then there



was a huge cloud of dust approaching us, and we began to see we must do or die, for this was Charles and his whole army come to support his vanguard. A blast from the mountain dispersed the dust, for they had halted to prepare for battle. O, good Arthur! you would have given ten years of life but to have seen the sight. There were thousands of horse all in complete array, glancing against the sun, and hundreds of knights with crowns of gold and silver on their helmets, and thick masses of spears on foot, and cannon, as they call them. I did not know what things they were, which they drew on heavily with bullocks and placed before their army, but I knew more of them before the morning was over. Well, we were ordered to draw up in a hollow square, as we are taught at exercise, and before we pushed forwards, we were commanded, as is the godly rule and guise of our warfare, to kneel down and pray to God, Our Lady, and the blessed saints; and we afterwards learned that Charles, in his arrogance, thought we asked for mercy — Ha! ha! ha! a proper jest. If my father once knelt to him, it was for the sake of Christian blood and godly peace; but on the field of battle, Arnold Biederman would not have knelt to him and his whole chivalry, though he had stood alone with his sons on that field. Well, but Charles, supposing we asked grace, was determined to show us that we had asked it at a graceless face,

for he cried, 'Fire my cannon on the coward slaves ; it is all the mercy they have to expect from me !' — Bang — bang — bang — off went the things I told you of, like thunder and lightning, and some mischief they did, but the less that we were kneeling ; and the saints doubtless gave the huge balls a hoist over the heads of those who were asking grace from them, but from no mortal creatures. So we had the signal to rise and rush on, and I promise you there were no sluggards. Every man felt ten men's strength. My halberd is no child's toy — if you have forgotten it, there it is — and yet it trembled in my grasp as if it had been a willow wand to drive cows with. On we went, when suddenly the cannon were silent, and the earth shook with another and continued growl and battering, like thunder underground. It was the men at arms rushing to charge us. But our leaders knew their trade, and had seen such a sight before. — It was, Halt, halt — kneel down in the front — stoop in the second rank — close shoulder to shoulder like brethren, lean all spears forward and receive them like an iron wall ! On they rushed, and there was a rending of lances that would have served the Unterwalden<sup>1</sup> old women with splinters of firewood for a twelvemonth. Down went armed horse — down went accoutered knight — down went banner and bannerman —

<sup>1</sup> One of the forest cantons of Switzerland.

down went peaked boot and crowned helmet, and of those who fell not a man escaped with life. So they drew off in confusion, and were getting in order to charge again, when the noble Duke Ferrand<sup>1</sup> and his horsemen dashed at them in their own way, and we moved onward to support him. Thus on we pressed, and the foot hardly waited for us, seeing their cavalry so handled. Then if you had seen the dust and heard the blows! the noise of a hundred thousand thrashers, the flight of the chaff which they drive about, would be but a type of it. On my word, I almost thought it shame to dash about my halberd, the rout was so helplessly piteous. Hundreds were slain unresisting, and the whole army was in complete flight. They never rallied, and fell into greater confusion at every step — and we might have slaughtered one half of them, had we not stopt to examine Charles's camp. Mercy on us, Arthur, what a sight was there! Every pavilion was full of rich clothes, splendid armor, and great dishes and flagons, which some men said were of silver; but I knew there was not so much silver in the world, and was sure they must be of pewter, rarely burnished. Well, Arthur, there was fine plundering, for the Germans and French that were with us rifled everything, and some of our men followed the example — it is very catching. —

<sup>1</sup> Ferrand de Vaudemont, Duke of Lorraine.

So I got into Charles's own pavilion, where Rudolph and some of his people were trying to keep out every one, that he might have the spoiling of it himself, I think; but neither he, nor any Bernese<sup>1</sup> of them all, dared lay truncheon over my pate; so I entered, and saw them putting piles of pewter trenchers, so clean as to look like silver, into chests and trunks. I pressed through them into the inner place, and there was Charles's pallet-bed — I will do him justice, it was the only hard one in his camp — and there were fine sparkling stones and pebbles lying about among gauntlets, boots, vambraces,<sup>2</sup> and suchlike gear — So I thought of your father and you, and looked for something, when what should I see but my old friend here," (here he drew Queen Margaret's<sup>3</sup> necklace from his bosom,) "which I knew, because you remember I recovered it from the Scharfgerichter<sup>4</sup> at Brisach. — 'Oho! you pretty sparklers,' said I, 'you shall be Burgundian no longer, but go back to my honest English friends,' and therefore —"

"It is of immense value," said Arthur, "and belongs not to my father or to me, but to the Queen you saw but now."

"And she will become it rarely," answered Sigis-

<sup>1</sup> A native of the canton of Bern.

<sup>2</sup> The pieces of armor protecting the fore arm.

<sup>3</sup> Queen Margaret of England, widow of Henry VI.

<sup>4</sup> Executioner.

mund. "Were she but a score, or a score and a half years younger, she were a gallant wife for a Swiss landholder. I would warrant her to keep his household in high order."

"She will reward thee liberally for recovering her property," said Arthur, scarce repressing a smile at the idea of the proud Margaret becoming the housewife of a Swiss shepherd.

"How — reward!" said the Swiss. "Bethink thee I am Sigismund Biederman, the son of the Landamman of Unterwalden — I am not a base lanz-knecht,<sup>1</sup> to be paid for courtesy with piasters. Let her grant me a kind word of thanks, or the matter of a kiss, and I am well contented."

"A kiss of her hand, perhaps," said Arthur, again smiling at his friend's simplicity.

"Umph, the hand! Well! it may do for a Queen of some fifty years and odd, but would be poor homage to a Queen of May."

Arthur here brought back the youth to the subject of his battle, and learned that the slaughter of the Duke's forces in the flight had been in no degree equal to the importance of the action.

"Many rode off on horseback," said Sigismund; "and our German *reiters*<sup>2</sup> flew on the spoil, when they should have followed the chase. And, besides, to speak truth, Charles's camp delayed our very selves in the pursuit; but had we gone half

<sup>1</sup> Foot soldier.

<sup>2</sup> Troopers.

a mile further, and seen our friends hanging on trees, not a confederate would have stopped from the chase while he had limbs to carry him in pursuit.”

“And what has become of the Duke?”

“Charles has retreated into Burgundy, like a boar who has felt the touch of the spear, and is more enraged than hurt; but is, they say, sad and sulky. Others report that he has collected all his scattered army, and immense forces besides, and has screwed his subjects to give him money, so that we may expect another brush. But all Switzerland will join us after such a victory.”

*From “ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.”*

## SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping..

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not, with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying :  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

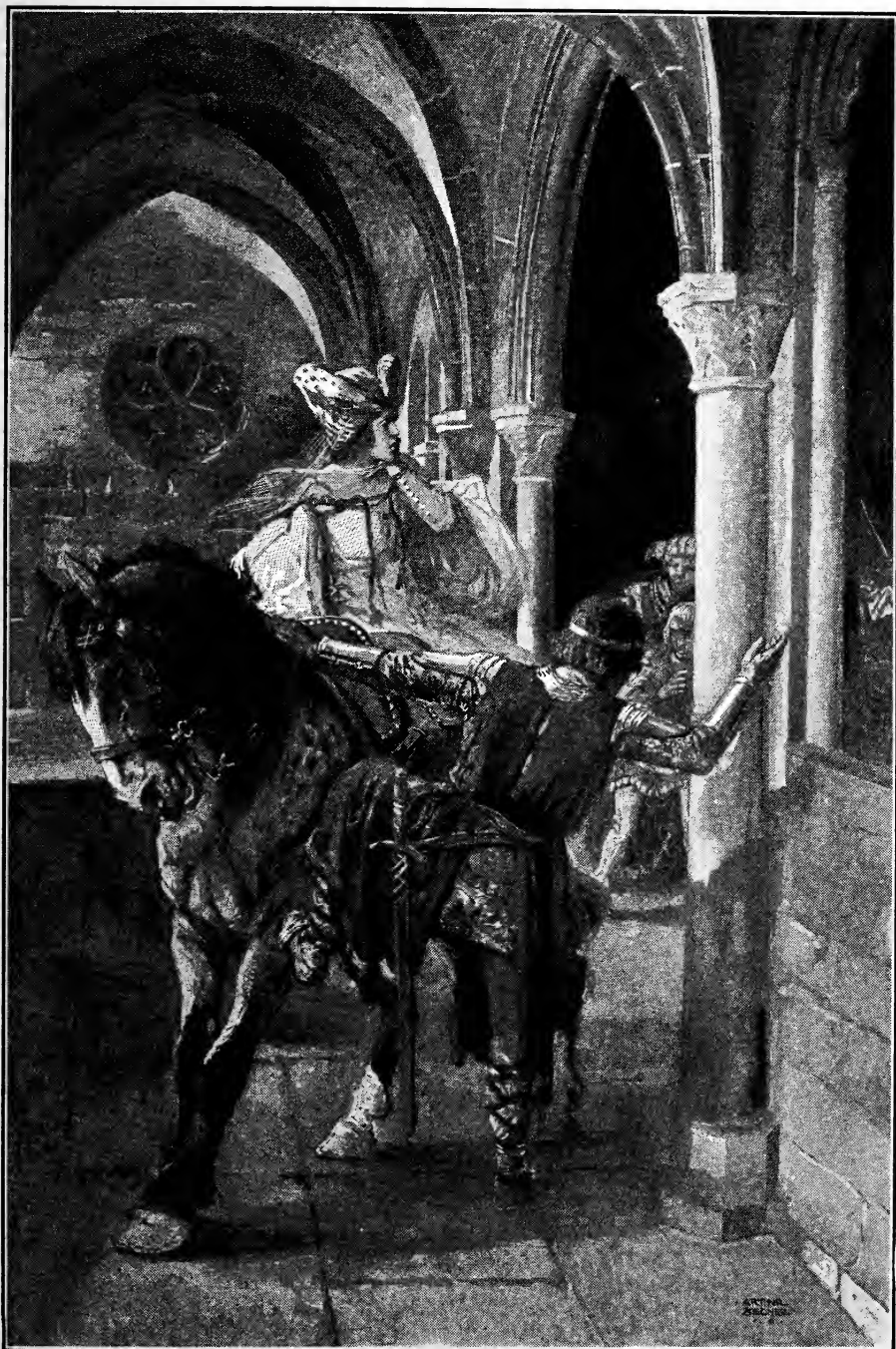
*From "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."*

## LOCHINVAR

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
 best ;  
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had  
 none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.  
 He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for  
 stone,  
 He swam the Esk<sup>1</sup> River where ford there was none,

<sup>1</sup> A river near the Scottish border.





LOCHINVAR

But ere he alighted at Netherby<sup>1</sup> gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and  
 all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
 sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
 word),

“Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?”

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you  
 denied ; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-  
 var.”

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the  
 cup.

<sup>1</sup> Netherby Castle, Cumberland, England, on the eastern bank of the Esk.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to  
sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—  
“Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard<sup>1</sup> did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
and plume,  
And the bridemaids whispered, “ ’Twere better  
by far,  
To have matched our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger  
stood near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scaur ;<sup>2</sup>  
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young  
Lochinvar.

<sup>1</sup> A lively dance.

<sup>2</sup> A steep, precipitous place.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
and they ran :

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,<sup>1</sup>  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they  
see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochin-  
var ?

*From "MARMION."*

### BRIGNALL BANKS

OH ! Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton hall,  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily, —

“Oh ! Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green ;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen.”

<sup>1</sup> Meadows near Netherby Castle.

“ If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down ?  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
As blithe as Queen of May.”

Yet sung she, “ Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green ;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen.

“ I read you, by your bugle horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood.”

“ A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light ;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.”

Yet sung she, “ Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May !

“ With burnished brand and musketon  
So gallantly you come,

---

I read you for a bold dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of drum."

"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear.

"And, oh, though Brignall banks be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die ;  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I !  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."

*From "ROKEBY."*

## QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN

[Queen Mary with two faithful attendants, Lady Mary Fleming and Catherine Seyton, is a prisoner in Lochleven Castle. Her jailor is Lady Douglas, the mother of the Earl of Murray, regent of Scotland. Murray sends Roland Græme to serve Mary as her page.

The queen's escape is plotted by stanch friends, among whom are the abbot of St. Mary's monastery, formerly Edward Glendinning; George Douglas, a grandson of Lady Douglas of Lochleven; and Henry Seyton, brother of Catherine.

For love of Catherine, Roland joins the conspirators and forges the false set of keys.]

THE enterprise of Roland Græme appeared to prosper. A trinket or two, of which the work did not surpass the substance (for the materials were silver, supplied by the queen), were judiciously presented to those most likely to be inquisitive into the labors of the forge and anvil, which they thus were induced to reckon profitable to others, and harmless in itself. Openly, the page was seen working about such trifles. In private he forged a number of keys resembling so nearly in weight and in form those which were presented every evening to the Lady Lochleven, that, on a slight inspection, it would have been difficult to perceive

the difference. He brought them to the dark rusty color by the use of salt and water; and, in the triumph of his art, presented them at length to Queen Mary in her presence chamber, about an hour before the tolling of the curfew. She looked at them with pleasure, but at the same time with doubt. — “I allow,” she said, “that the Lady Lochleven’s eyes, which are not of the clearest, may be well deceived, could we pass those keys on her in place of the real implements of her tyranny. But how is this to be done, and which of my little court dare attempt this *tour de jongleur*<sup>1</sup> with any chance of success? Could we but engage her in some earnest matter of argument — but those which I hold with her always have been of a kind which made her grasp her keys the faster, as if she said to herself, ‘Here I hold what sets me above your taunts and reproaches.’ — And even for her liberty, Mary Stewart could not stoop to speak the proud heretic fair. — What shall we do? Shall Lady Fleming try her eloquence in describing the last new headdress from Paris? — Alas! the good dame has not changed the fashion of her headgear since Pinkie field,<sup>2</sup> for aught that I know. Shall my *mignon* Catherine sing to her one of those touching airs, which draw the very souls out of me and Roland Græme? — Alas!

<sup>1</sup> Legerdemain; juggler’s trick.

<sup>2</sup> A battle field where the English defeated the Scotch in 1547.





QUEEN MARY AT LOCHLEVEN

Dame Margaret Douglas would rather hear a Huguenot psalm of Clement Marrot, sung to the tune of *Réveillez vous, belle endormie*. — Cousins and liege counselors, what is to be done, for our wits are really astray in this matter? — Must our man-at-arms, and the champion of our body, Roland Græme, manfully assault the old lady, and take the keys from her *par voie du fait*?<sup>1</sup>”

“Nay! with your Grace’s permission,” said Roland, “I do not doubt being able to manage the matter with more discretion. I am well-nigh satisfied that I could pass the exchange of these keys on the Lady Lochleven; but I dread the sentinel who is now planted nightly in the garden, which, by necessity, we must traverse.”

“Our last advices from our friend on the shore have promised us assistance in that matter,” replied the queen.

“And is your Grace well assured of the fidelity and watchfulness of those without?”

“For their fidelity, I will answer with my life; and for their vigilance, I will answer with my life. I will give thee instant proof, my faithful Roland, that they are ingenious and trusty as thyself. Come hither — Nay, Catherine, attend us. Make fast the door of the parlor, Fleming, and warn us if you hear the least step — or stay, go thou to the door, Catherine”; (in a whisper) “thy ears and thy

<sup>1</sup> Assault.

wits are both sharper. — Good Fleming, attend us thyself.”

Thus speaking, they were lighted by the Lady Fleming into the queen's bedroom, a small apartment enlightened by a projecting window.

“Look from that window, Roland,” she said; “see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening from the village of Kinross — seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer it seems to the verge of the water? — It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm; and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stewart, than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal, I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. — Oh! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled, and, like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!”

“If I mistake not,” answered Roland, “the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the mail gardener.”<sup>1</sup>

“Thou hast a good eye,” said the queen; “it is there where my trusty lieges — God and the saints pour blessings on them! — hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters, long ere it could mingle in their councils; and yet I can hold communication, — I will confide the whole to thee, — I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. — Place the lamp in the window, Fleming.”

She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so, than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared.

“Now, count,” said Queen Mary, “for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself.”

The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

“Now, Our Lady be praised!” said the queen; “it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained, while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches. May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me! — alas! with such hazard to themselves — and bless you too, my children! — Come, we must to the

<sup>1</sup> One who raises garden produce for sale.

audience chamber again. Our absence might excite suspicion, should they serve supper."

They returned to the presence chamber, and the evening concluded as usual.

The next noon, at dinner time, an unusual incident occurred. While Lady Douglas of Lochleven performed her daily duty of assistant and taster<sup>1</sup> at the queen's table, she was told a man at arms had arrived recommended by her son, but without any letter or other token than what he brought by word of mouth.

"Hath he given you that token?" demanded the lady.

"He reserved it, as I think, for your Ladyship's ear," replied Randal.

"He doth well," said the lady; "tell him to wait in the hall. — But no — with your permission, madam" (to the queen) "let him attend me here."

"Since you are pleased to receive your domestics in my presence," said the queen, "I cannot choose" —

"My infirmities must plead my excuse, madam," replied the lady; "the life I must lead here ill suits with the years which have passed over my head, and compels me to wave ceremonial."

<sup>1</sup> It used to be a regular formality at royal tables for an officer, appointed for the purpose, to taste of the food and wines in order to certify to their good quality.

“O my good Lady,” replied the queen, “I would there were nought in this your castle more strongly compulsive than the cobweb chains of ceremony; but bolts and bars are harder matters to contend with.”

As she spoke, the person announced by Randal entered the room, and Roland Græme at once recognized in him the abbot, Ambrosius.

“What is your name, good fellow?” said the lady.

“Edward Glendinning,” answered the abbot, with a suitable reverence.

“Art thou of the blood of the Knight of Avenel?” said the Lady of Lochleven.

“Ay, madam, and that nearly,” replied the pretended soldier.

“It is likely enough,” said the lady, “for the knight is the son of his own good works, and has risen from obscure lineage to his present high rank in the Estate. — But he is of sure truth and approved worth, and his kinsman is welcome to us. You hold, unquestionably, the true faith?”

“Do not doubt of it, madam,” said the disguised churchman.

“Hast thou a token to me from Sir William Douglas?” said the lady.

“I have, madam,” replied he, “but it must be said in private.”

“Thou art right,” said the lady, moving to-

wards the recess of a window; "say in what does it consist?"

"In the words of an old bard," replied the abbot.

"Repeat them," answered the lady; and he uttered, in a low tone, the lines from an old poem, called *The Howlet*, —

"O Douglas! Douglas!  
Tender and true."

"Trusty Sir John Holland!" said the Lady Douglas, apostrophizing the poet; "a kinder heart never inspired a rhyme, and the Douglas's honor was ever on thy harp string! We receive you among our followers, Glendinning. — But, Randal, see that he keep the outer ward only, till we shall hear more touching him from our son. — Thou fearest not the night air, Glendinning?"

"In the cause of the lady before whom I stand, I fear nothing, madam," answered the disguised abbot.

"Our garrison, then, is stronger by one trustworthy soldier," said the matron. — "Go to the buttery, and let them make much of thee."

When the Lady of Lochleven had retired, the queen said to Roland Græme, who was now almost constantly in her company, "I spy comfort in that stranger's countenance; I know not why it should be so, but I am well persuaded he is a friend."

“Your Grace’s penetration does not deceive you,” answered the page; and he informed her that the Abbot of Saint Mary’s himself played the part of the newly arrived soldier.

The queen crossed herself and looked upward. “Unworthy sinner that I am,” she said, “that for my sake a man so holy, and so high in spiritual office, should wear the garb of a base sworder,<sup>1</sup> and run the risk of dying the death of a traitor !”

“Heaven will protect its own servant, madam,” said Catherine Seyton; “his aid would bring a blessing on our undertaking, were it not already blest for its own sake.”

“What I admire in my spiritual father,” said Roland, “was the steady front with which he looked on me, without giving the least sign of former acquaintance.”

“But marked you not how astuciously the good father,” said the queen, “eluded the questions of the woman Lochleven, telling her the very truth, which yet she received not as such ?”

Roland thought in his heart, that when the truth was spoken for the purpose of deceiving, it was little better than a lie in disguise. But it was no time to agitate such questions of conscience.

“And now for the signal from the shore !” exclaimed Catherine; “my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from

<sup>1</sup> Swordsman, soldier.



that garden of Eden. — And then, Roland, do you play your part manfully, and we will dance on the greensward like midnight fairies !”

Catherine's conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one; and the page heard, with beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the queen, she held her hand out to him — he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. “For God's sake, madam, droop not now — sink not now !”

“Call upon Our Lady, my Liege,” said the Lady Fleming — “call upon your tutelar saint.”

“Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from !” exclaimed the page; “in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints.”

“O Roland Græme !” said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, “be true to me — many have been false to me. Alas ! I have not always been true to myself ! My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour — Oh, would to God it found me prepared !”

“Madam,” said Catherine Seyton, “remember you are a queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom than remained here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses.”

“You are right, Catherine,” said the queen; “and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while — I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture.”

They separated, till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catherine’s eye was fired, as if with the boldness of the project, and the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to contemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success depended on his own address and boldness, summoned together his whole presence of mind, and if he found his spirits flag for a moment, cast his eye upon Catherine, whom he thought he had never seen look so beautiful. — “I may be foiled,” he thought, “but with this reward in prospect, they must bring the devil to aid them ere they cross me.” Thus resolved, he stood like a grayhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and

eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual — so at least it seemed to her prisoners — upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse candles<sup>1</sup> in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse light, as it was called, in the family burial place, boded death. She turned her head towards the casement — saw a distant glimmering — for-

<sup>1</sup> Will-o'-the-Wisps, at this period thought to be a sign of death.

got her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse candles.

"I hold these gleams," she said, after a moment's consideration, "to come, not from the churchyard, but from the hut of the old gardener Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man. — If he turns resetter<sup>1</sup> of idle companions and nightwalkers, the place must be rid of him."

"He may work his baskets perchance," said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

"Or nets, may he not?" answered the lady.

"Ay, madam," said Roland, "for trout and salmon."

"Or for fools and knaves," replied the lady, "but this shall be looked after to-morrow. — I

<sup>1</sup> Receiverer, harborer.

wish your Grace and your company a good evening. — Randal, attend us.” And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the queen’s apartments, she retired to her own.

“To-morrow ?” said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the lady’s last word, “fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. — May I pray you, my gracious Liege, to retire for one half hour, until all the castle is composed to rest ? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of.”

“Fear them not,” said Catherine, “they are true as steel — if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage.”

“Doubt not me, Catherine,” replied the queen ; “a while since I was overborne, but I have recalled the spirit of my earlier and more sprightly days, when I used to accompany my armed nobles, and wish to be myself a man, to know what life it was to be in the fields with sword and buckler, jack and knapsack !”

“Oh, the lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings a lighter and gayer song, than the merry soldier,” answered Catherine. “Your Grace shall be in the midst of them soon, and the look of such a

liege sovereign will make each of your host worth three in the hour of need; — but I must to my task.”

“We have but brief time,” said Queen Mary; “one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished — that shows the boat is put off.”

“They will row very slow,” said the page, “or kent<sup>1</sup> where depth permits, to avoid noise. — To our several tasks — I will communicate with the good father.”

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the queen’s apartment. “Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt,” said he, “if ever oil softened rust!” and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised abbot, asked if the boat were ready?

“This half hour,” said the sentinel. “She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again.”

“The darkness,” said the page, “and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the

<sup>1</sup> Propel the boat by pushing with a pole against the bottom of the lake.

tower — a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night watch. He sleeps for a wager.”

“Then bring the queen,” said the abbot, “and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat.”

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. “My Lord Abbot,” he said, “give my sister your arm — I will conduct the queen — and that youth will have the honor to guide Lady Fleming.”

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the abbot than receiving assistance — the queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear, and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton — while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Græme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries

belonging to the queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several, — a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the queen in the stern; the abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bed-chamber, threw the queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!"

"He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain."

"Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear. — Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!"

"Help me, help me on board!" said the de-



served Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

“Put off — put off !” cried Henry Seyton ; “leave all behind, so the queen is safe.”

“Will you permit this, madam ?” said Catherine, imploringly ; “you leave your deliverer to death.”

“I will not,” said the queen. — “Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk.”

“Pardon me, madam, if I disobey,” said the intractable young man ; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach, and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped towards the stern, said, “Your place is not with high-born dames — keep at the head and trim the vessel. — Now give way — give way ! — Row, for God and the queen !”

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

“Why did you not muffle the oars ?” said Roland Græme ; “the dash must awaken the sentinel. — Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot ; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him.”

“It was all thine own delay,” said Seyton; “thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters.”

But Roland’s apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. “A boat — a boat! — bring to, or I shoot!” And, as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, “Treason! treason!” rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild fowl at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was évident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

“Pull!” again exclaimed Seyton; “stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger — they will launch a boat immediately.”

“That is cared for,” said Roland; “I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. — And now I resign my office

of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's<sup>1</sup> keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."

"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry — "I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity. — I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton — but where, then, is Douglas?"

"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as steersman.

"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

"Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return

<sup>1</sup> The kelpie was an imaginary spirit of the waters, sometimes appearing in the form of a horse.

which was made by the midnight echoes of Ben-narty,<sup>1</sup> terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a rude quay or landing place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the queen to the house of the gardener.

*From "THE ABBOT."*

<sup>1</sup> A hill about a mile to the south of Lochleven.

## MARMION AND DOUGLAS

[Marmion, an English nobleman, has been sent by Henry VIII on an important and delicate mission to James IV of Scotland. On his journey homeward he is entertained by Lord Douglas in his castle of Tantallon. The hospitality is offered by request of King James, but Douglas, in reality, despises Marmion, whose base treachery and deceit he has just discovered.

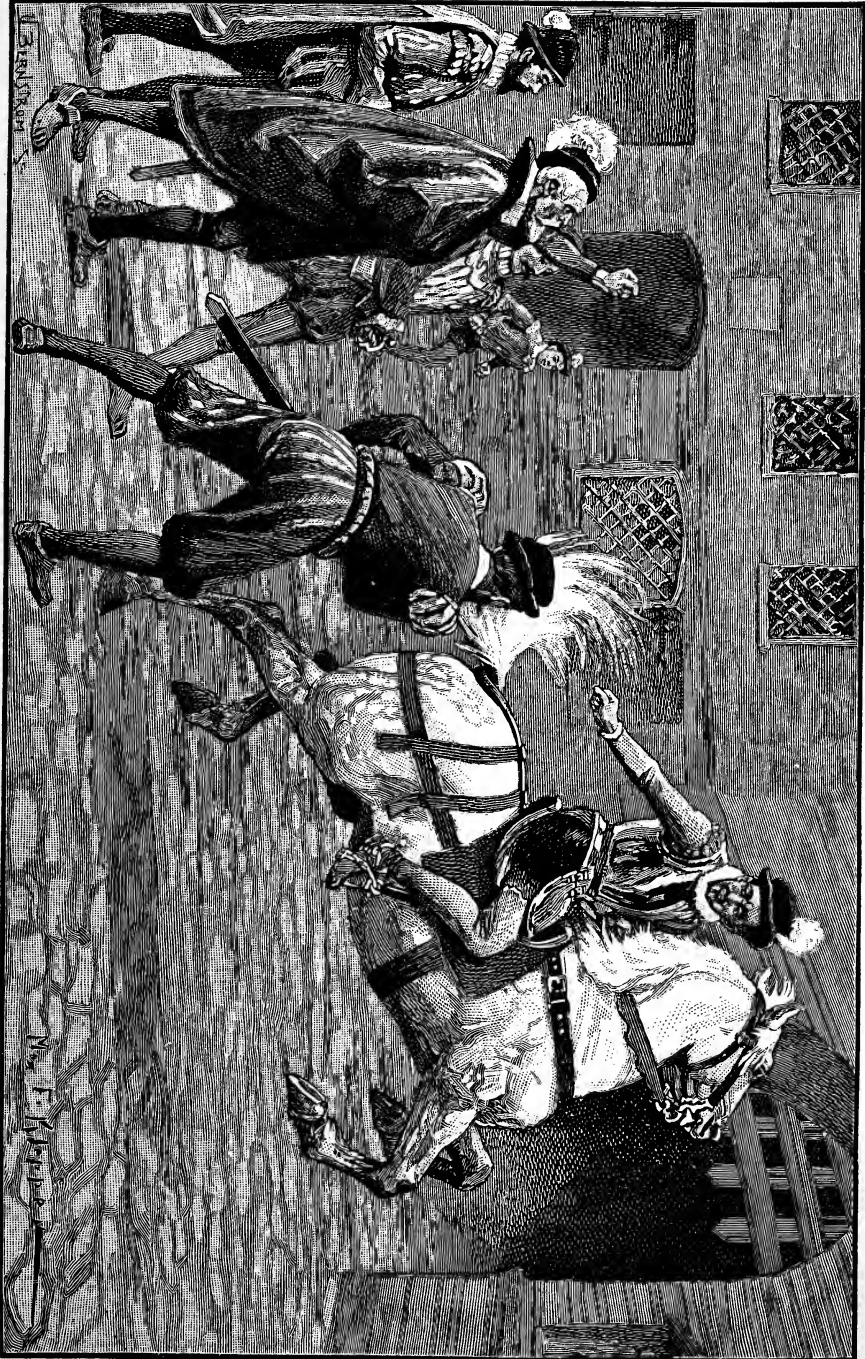
As the English lord takes his leave, the real attitude of his host discloses itself.]

NOT far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
    To Surrey's <sup>1</sup> camp to ride ;  
He had safe-conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
    And Douglas gave a guide.  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :  
"Though something I might plain," he said,  
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
    While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :

<sup>1</sup> Lord Surrey, commander of the English troops at Flodden Field.

“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
 Be open, at my sovereign’s will,  
 To each one whom he lists, howe’er  
 Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.  
 My castles are my king’s alone,  
 From turret to foundation stone, —  
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;  
 And never shall in friendly grasp  
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire,  
 And — “This to me !” he said, —  
 “And ’twere not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared  
 To cleave the Douglas’ head !  
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,  
 He, who does England’s message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword),  
 I tell thee, thou’rt defied !  
 And if thou saidst, I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,



MARMION AND DOUGLAS

Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !”  
 On the Earl’s cheek the flush of rage  
 O’ercame the ashen hue of age :  
 Fierce he broke forth, — “And dar’st thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall ?  
 And hop’st thou hence unscathed to go ? —  
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell,<sup>1</sup> no !  
 Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, warder, ho !  
 Let the portcullis fall.”  
 Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
 The ponderous gate behind him rung ;  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake’s level brim :  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

*From* “MARMION.”

<sup>1</sup> Saint Bridget of Ireland became a popular saint in England and Scotland also ; but there she was better known as Saint Bride.



## WALTER RALEIGH MEETS THE QUEEN

[The Earl of Sussex being ill, Queen Elizabeth sent her physician, Dr. Masters, to inquire after his health. Walter Raleigh, a young gentleman of Sussex's household, flatly refused him admittance. This is the story of how the incident led to Raleigh's presentation to the queen.]

WHEN the message of the queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

“A plague on it,” said Blount, as he descended the stairs, “had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionery matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain. — Come with me, Tracy, and come you too, Mas-

ter Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices.”

“Never fear, never fear,” exclaimed the youth, “it is I will help you through — let me but fetch my cloak.”

“Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders,” said Blount, — “the lad is mazed.”

“No, no, this is Tracy’s old mantle,” answered Walter; “I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should.”

“Why,” said Blount, “thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter.”

“I know that,” said the youth; “but I am resolved I will have my own cloak, ay, and brush my doublet to boot, ere I stir forth with you.”

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendor.

“There are two things scarce matched in the universe,” said Walter to Blount, — “the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth.”

“The one will light us to Greenwich well enough,” said Blount, “and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide.”

“And this is all thou think’st — all thou carest

— all thou deem'st the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs, as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony !”

“It is no errand of my seeking, faith,” replied Blount, “and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go ; and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble — and by my honor,” he added, looking out from the head of the boat, “it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain ; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water.”

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men which England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

“By my faith, this bodes us no good,” said Blount ; “it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion thus untimeously. By my coun-

sel, we were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen.”

“Tell the Earl what we have seen !” said Walter ; “why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands ? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply.”

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex ; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

“Nay, I told you as much before,” said Blount ; “do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return.”

“Not till I see the queen come forth,” returned the youth, composedly.

“Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass !” answered Blount.

“And thou,” said Walter, “art turned coward

of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady !”

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder ; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Un-



THE QUEEN AND WALTER RALEIGH

bonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye, — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn,



nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

“Come along, Sir Coxcomb,” said Blount; “your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy’s old drab-de-bure,<sup>1</sup> which despises all colors.”

“This cloak,” said the youth, taking it up and folding it, “shall never be brushed while in my possession.”

“And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy — we shall have you *in cuerpo*<sup>2</sup> soon, as the Spaniard says.”

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

“I was sent,” said he, after looking at them attentively, “to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. — You, sir, I think,” addressing the younger cavalier, “are the man; you will please to follow me.”

“He is in attendance on me,” said Blount; “on me, the noble Earl of Sussex’s master of horse.”

“I have nothing to say to that,” answered the messenger; “my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only.”

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount’s eyes almost

<sup>1</sup> Drap-de-Berry, a kind of woolen cloth, made in Berry, France.

<sup>2</sup> Half-dressed.



starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation — “Who the good jere<sup>1</sup> would have thought this !” And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect ; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen’s barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen’s boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen’s order apparently, made a

<sup>1</sup> A meaningless expletive — “who the good year” ; equivalent to “who the deuce.”

sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege man's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your

Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —”

“Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me,” said the queen, interrupting him; “fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor,” she added, “or thy parents may be. — It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on’t.”

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

“How, boy!” said the queen, “neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?”

“Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service.”

“Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!” said the queen.

“It is no longer mine,” said Walter; “when your Majesty’s foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner.”

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

“Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth’s head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. . . . But for thee, young man, what is thy name and birth?”

“Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire.”

“Raleigh?” said Elizabeth, after a moment’s recollection; “have we not heard of your service in Ireland?”

“I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam,” replied Raleigh, “scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace’s ears.”

“They hear farther than you think of,” said the queen, graciously, “and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own.”

“Some blood I may have lost,” said the youth, looking down, “but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty’s service.”

The queen paused, and then said hastily, “You are very young, to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your

penance for turning back Masters — the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returned from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mingle the devotion claimed by the queen, with the gallantry due to her personal beauty — and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well, as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity, and her love of power.

*From "KENILWORTH."*

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WELCOME TO KENILWORTH

[Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the favorite of Queen Elizabeth; and upon the occasion of her visiting him at his Castle of Kenilworth, he prepared for her an entertainment of princely magnificence.]

IT was the twilight of a summer night (9th July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the queen and her favorite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all

of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

“They come now, for certain,” said Raleigh. “Tressilian, that sound is grand. We hear it from this distance, as mariners, after a long voyage, hear, upon their night watch, the tide rush upon some distant and unknown shore.”

“Mass!” answered Blount, “I hear it rather as I used to hear mine own kine lowing from the close of Wittenswestlowe.” . . .

Their further conversation was interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous, that the country echoed for miles round. The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the castle, and announced to all within, that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but

faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the gallery tower; and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line. "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which,



under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendor and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead

somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honor which the queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. . . .

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest — the highest born nobles and the wisest counselors, of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshaled, the cavalcade approached the gallery tower, which formed the extreme barrier of the castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the lubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of spirit, — the contents of one immense black jack of double ale, which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear, — that he only groaned piteously, and remained sitting on his stone seat; and the queen would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warder's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet, who lay

perdue behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of the short femoral garment which we elsewhere described.

The porter uttered a sort of a yell, which came not amiss into his part, started up with his club, and dealt a sound douse or two on each side of him; and then, like a coach horse pricked by the spur, started off at once, into the full career of his address, and by dint of active prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, delivered, in sounds of gigantic intonation, a speech which may be thus abridged; — the reader being to suppose that the first lines were addressed to the throng who approached the gateway; the conclusion, at the approach of the queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the goddess of the night, and all her magnificent train.

“What stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones?  
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones!  
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw,  
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

“Yet soft — nay, stay — what vision have we here?  
What dainty darling's this — what peerless peer?  
What loveliest face, that loving ranks unfold,  
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?  
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,  
My club, my key. My knee, my homage take,  
Bright paragon; pass on in joy and bliss; —  
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this!”

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again stationed in the Chase; while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.

Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the gallery tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighboring village of Kenilworth, following the queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the gallery tower. . . .

Meanwhile, the queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble

a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-colored<sup>1</sup> silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair, she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed, that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir

<sup>1</sup>Light blue.

Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake vanished, and Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon him the part in the absence of Wayland, being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart,

and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, "Cogs bones! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle."

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The queen laughed heartily, and swore (in her turn) that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the queen was about to enter the castle, that memorable discharge of fireworks by water and land took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

"Such," says the Clerk of the Council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire, and flight shot of thunderbolts, with continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."

Under discharge of these splendid fireworks

the queen entered the base court of Kenilworth, through Mortimer's Tower, and moving on through pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity, who offered gifts and compliments on the bended knee, at length found her way to the great hall of the castle, gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silken tapestry, misty with perfumes, and sounding to strains of soft and delicious music. From the highly carved oaken roof hung a superb chandelier of gilt bronze, formed like a spread eagle, whose outstretched wings supported three male and three female figures, grasping a pair of branches in each hand. The hall was thus illuminated by twenty-four torches of wax. At the upper end of the splendid apartment was a state canopy, overshadowing a royal throne, and beside it was a door, which opened to a long suite of apartments, decorated with the utmost magnificence for the queen and her ladies, whenever it should be her pleasure to be private.

The Earl of Leicester having handed the queen up to her throne, and seated her there, knelt down before her, and kissing the hand which she held out, with an air in which romantic and respectful gallantry was happily mingled with the air of loyal devotion, he thanked her, in terms of the deepest gratitude, for the highest honor which a sovereign could render to a subject.

*From "KENILWORTH."*



## ROSABELLE

OH listen, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,  
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white ;  
To inch and rock the sea mews fly :  
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,  
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir  
To-night at Roslin <sup>1</sup> leads the ball,  
But that my lady mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient home of the Saint Clairs.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
 But that my sire the wine will chide  
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin all that dreary night  
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,  
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,  
 It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;  
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,  
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.<sup>1</sup>

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffined lie,  
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,  
 Deep sacristy and altar’s pale ;  
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
 And glimmered all the dead men’s mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair, —  
 So still they blaze when fate is nigh  
 The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

<sup>1</sup> A glen in whose caves Robert Bruce is said to have hidden.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there  
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;  
 But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung  
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

*From "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."*

### GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

BRING the bowl which you boast,  
 Fill it up to the brim ;  
 'Tis to him we love most,  
 And to all who love him.  
 Brave gallants, stand up,  
 And avaunt ye, base carles !  
 Were there death in the cup,  
 Here's a health to King Charles !

Though he wanders through dangers,  
 Unaided, unknown,  
 Dependent on strangers,  
 Estranged from his own ;  
 Though 'tis under our breath  
 Amidst forfeits and perils,  
 Here's to honor and faith,  
 And a health to King Charles !

Let such honors abound  
 As the time can afford,  
 The knee on the ground,  
 And the hand on the sword ;  
 But the time shall come round  
 When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,  
 The loud trumpet shall sound,  
 Here's a health to King Charles !

*From "WOODSTOCK."*

### PATRIOTISM

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land !  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned  
 From wandering on a foreign strand !  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentered all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

*From "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."*

## BONNIE DUNDEE

[Bonnie Dundee — John Graham of Claverhouse — was made Viscount of Dundee in 1688 by James II. After the revolution in England, when William of Orange (William III) had landed, and James II had fled from London, Claverhouse entered Edinburgh with a body of troops. His intention was to raise a force in Scotland, drive out William, and reinstate James. He found, however, that the feeling in Edinburgh was strongly against him, so he suddenly left that city. He was killed soon after in the battle of Killiecrankie, fighting for King James. Claverhouse was a man of wonderful dash and courage, but so cruel that he fully earned the name the country people gave him of “Bloody Claver’sse.”]

To the Lords of Convention <sup>1</sup> ’twas Claver’sse who  
spoke,  
“ Ere the king’s crown shall fall there are crowns  
to be broke ;  
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses and call up your  
men ;  
Come open the West Port and let me gang  
free,  
And it’s room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !”

<sup>1</sup> The Scottish Parliament.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward,<sup>1</sup> the drums they are  
 beat ;

But the provost, douce<sup>2</sup> man, said, “ Just e’en let  
 him be,

The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of  
 Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ilk carline<sup>4</sup> was flyting<sup>5</sup> and shaking her pow ;  
 But the young plants of grace<sup>6</sup> they looked  
 couthie<sup>7</sup> and slee,<sup>8</sup>

Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !

Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket<sup>9</sup> was  
 crammed

As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged ;  
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in  
 each e’e,

As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

<sup>1</sup> To give the alarm.

<sup>2</sup> Grave.

<sup>3</sup> The Scottish church formerly held its annual meeting in Bow Street.

<sup>4</sup> Every old woman.

<sup>5</sup> Scolding.

<sup>6</sup> The Scottish maidens.

<sup>7</sup> Kindly.

<sup>8</sup> Sly.

<sup>9</sup> A square where executions took place in Edinburgh.

These cowls of Kilmarnock<sup>1</sup> had spits and had  
 spears,  
 And lang-hafted gullies<sup>2</sup> to kill Cavaliers ;  
 But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway  
 was free,  
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,<sup>3</sup>  
 And with the gay Gordon<sup>4</sup> he gallantly spoke ;  
 “Let Mons Meg<sup>5</sup> and her marrows<sup>6</sup> speak twa  
 words or three,  
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”  
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes —  
 “Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !  
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond  
 Forth,  
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in  
 the North ;

<sup>1</sup> Puritans or Covenanters of West Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Large knives.

<sup>3</sup> The rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Gordon, who held the castle for King James.

<sup>5</sup> A huge cannon.

<sup>6</sup> Companions.



There are wild Duniewassals<sup>1</sup> three thousand  
times three,  
Will cry 'hoigh !' for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barkened<sup>2</sup> bullhide ;  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash  
free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —  
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me !"  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were  
blown,  
The kettledrums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs<sup>2</sup> and on Clermiston's lee<sup>3</sup>  
Died away the wild war notes of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle the horses and call up the men ;  
Come open your gates and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !

*From "THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL."*

<sup>1</sup> Highland chiefs and their followers.

<sup>2</sup> Hardened.

<sup>3</sup> Places near Edinburgh.

## BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL

[Balfour of Burley, Henry Morton, and certain preachers, of whom Macbriar was one, were leaders in a rebellion against Charles II of England. The rebels belonged to the Scotch Covenant. They met the king's troops under the Duke of Monmouth and Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse at Bothwell Brigg. The day went against them and the captured leaders were taken for trial to Edinburgh.]

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room, adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Graham entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

“You have brought us a leash of game to-day, general,” said a nobleman of high place amongst them. “Here is a craven to confess — a cock of the game to stand at bay — and what shall I call the third, general?”

“Without further metaphor, I will intreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested,” replied Claverhouse.

“And a Whig into the bargain?” said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too

big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

“Yes, please your Grace, a Whig, as your Grace was in 1641,” replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

“He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke,” said one of the Privy Councilors.

“Ay, ay,” returned the duke, laughing, “there’s no speaking to him since Drumclog<sup>1</sup> — but come, bring in the prisoners — and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record.”

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Graham of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty’s pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton’s accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

“Do you accept of the king’s mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?” said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the Council.

“I have no other choice, my lord,” replied Morton.

“Then subscribe your name in the record.”

<sup>1</sup> The Scottish Covenanters defeated the Royalists at Drumclog in 1679.

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

“He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant !” he exclaimed, with a deep groan — “A fallen star ! — a fallen star !”

“Hold your peace, sir,” said the duke, “and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge — ye’ll find them scalding hot, I promise you. — Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first.”

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

“Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg ?” was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied, with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave — yes, or no? — You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honor," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there? — yes, or no?" said the duke, impatiently.

"Dear sir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! — Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I cannot deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

“Just than rebellion, as your honor ca’s it,” replied Cuddie.

“Well, sir, that’s speaking to the purpose,” replied his Grace. “And are you content to accept of the king’s pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the king?”

“Blithely, stir,” answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; “and drink his health into the bargain, when the ale’s gude.”

“Egad,” said the duke, “this is a hearty cock. — What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?”

“Just ill example, stir,” replied the prisoner, “and a daft auld jaud of a mither, wi’ reverence to your Grace’s honor.”

“Why, God-a-mercy, my friend,” replied the duke, “take care of bad advice another time; I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. — Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair.”

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

“Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?” was, in like manner, demanded of him.

“I was,” answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

“Were you armed?”

“I was not — I went in my calling as a preacher

of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? — I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar, in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle,"<sup>1</sup> answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. — Come, laddie, speak while the play is good — you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

<sup>1</sup> A meeting of dissenters for religious worship.

“Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate,” said Lauderdale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumbscrews, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbriar’s nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

“Do you know who that man is?” said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

“He is, I suppose,” replied Macbriar, “the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God’s people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth



cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the Rock of Ages."

"Do your duty," said the duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine. "Let him choose for himself," said the duke; "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best — I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot, or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President of the Council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength,

and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councilors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

“He is gone,” said the surgeon — “he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more.”

“Release him,” said the duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, “He will make an old proverb good, for he’ll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?”

“Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind.”

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council, and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought<sup>1</sup> to his Majesty’s use.

“Doomster,” he continued, “repeat the sentence to the prisoner.”

<sup>1</sup> Forfeited and confiscated.

The office of Doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam*<sup>1</sup> with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly — "My Lords, I thank you for the only favor I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained — and why

<sup>1</sup> Held *along with* his ordinary functions.

should I not ? — Ye send me to a happy exchange — to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes. — Ye send me from darkness into day — from mortality into immortality — and, in a word, from earth to heaven ! — If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine !”

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

*From “OLD MORTALITY.”*

## THE RUSES OF CALEB

[The family of Ravenswood was once wealthy, but the only property now remaining to it is the old Tower of Wolf's Crag. This is the story of how a devoted servant sought to maintain the former dignity of the castle, when his young master sought to entertain a guest.]

### I

THE roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea eagle, the founder of the fortalice<sup>1</sup> had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed

<sup>1</sup> A small fort.

on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted specter of some huge giant. A wilder, or more disconsolate, dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye — a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow and stancheled<sup>1</sup> windows which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.

“There,” said Ravenswood, “sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood ; and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise, we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously ; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front.”

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to

<sup>1</sup> Stanchioned.

strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the courtyard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer.

“The old man must be departed,” he began to say, “or fallen into some fit; for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers.”

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied, — “Master — Master of Ravenswood, is it you?”

“Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly.”

“But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty deevils as my master’s ghaist, or even his wraith, — wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith<sup>1</sup> and limb.”

“It is I, you old fool,” answered Ravenswood, “in bodily shape, and alive, save that I am half dead with cold.”

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loophole to loophole in slow succession, gave intimation that the bearer was in the

<sup>1</sup> Any member of the body.



act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding staircase occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked, if they were men of mold<sup>1</sup> that demanded entrance at this time of night ?

“Were I near you, you old fool,” said Bucklaw, “I would give you sufficient proofs of *my* bodily condition.”

“Open the gate, Caleb,” said his master, in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful seneschal, partly perhaps because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clenched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin gray hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous, courteous glance which he threw around him — the effect of the partial light upon

<sup>1</sup> Substance, *i.e.*, flesh and blood.

his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travelers were too impatient for security against the rising storm to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. "Is it you, my dear master? is it you yourself, indeed?" exclaimed the old domestic. "I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate; but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a — (Here he exclaimed apart, as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court) — Mysie — Mysie woman! stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.<sup>1</sup> — I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheless" —

"Natheless, Caleb," said the master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord! — I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a Whig's leave. Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles! — (Then

<sup>1</sup> Blaze.

again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen) — Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint. — No to say it's our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw; "but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until, — that is no to *flee*, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

"Oh, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"Oh, yes, sir, — ay, sir, — unquestionably, sir, — my lord and ony of his honorable companions" —

"But our horses, my old friend — our horses; they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True — ay — your horses — yes — I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the

old tower rang again, — “John — William — Saunders! — The lads are gane out, or sleeping,” he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. “A’ gaes wrang when the Master’s out by; but I’ll take care o’ your cattle mysell.”

“I think you had better,” said Ravenswood, “otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all.”

“Whisht, my lord, — whisht, for God’s sake,” said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; “if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we’ll hae hard eneugh wark to mak a decent night o’t, wi’ a’ the lees I can tell.”

“Well, well, never mind,” said his master; “go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?”

“Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn.”

“Very well,” said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic’s unwilling hand, “I will show the stranger upstairs myself.”

“I canna think o’ that, my lord; — if ye wad but have five minutes’, or ten minutes’, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour’s patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass<sup>1</sup> and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason as ye suld be marshaled, your

<sup>1</sup> Bass Rock, a rocky island off the coast from North Berwick in the Firth of Forth.

lordship and your honorable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit" —

"It will do very well in the meantime," said Ravenswood, "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way upstairs, "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means. His passion consists in representing things about our miserable *menage*, not as they are, but as, in his opinion, they ought to be; and, to say the truth, I have been often diverted with the poor wretch's expedients to supply what he thought was essential for the credit of the family, and his still more generous apologies for the want of those articles for which his ingenuity could discover no substitute. But though the tower is none of the largest, I shall have some trouble without him to find the apartment in which there is a fire."

After opening one or two doors in vain, Ravenswood led the way into a little matted anteroom, in which, to their great joy, they found a tolerably good fire, which Mysie had supplied with a reason-

able quantity of fuel. Glad at the heart to see more of comfort than the castle had yet seemed to offer, Bucklaw rubbed his hands heartily over the fire, and now listened with more complacency to the apologies which the Master of Ravenswood offered. "Comfort," he said, "I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself; it is long since these walls have known it, if, indeed, they were ever acquainted with it. Shelter and safety, I think, I can promise you."

"Excellent matters, Master," replied Bucklaw, "and, with a mouthful of food and wine, positively all I can require to-night."

"I fear," said the Master, "your supper will be a poor one; I hear the matter in discussion betwixt Caleb and Mysie. Poor Balderston is something deaf, amongst his other accomplishments, so that much of what he means should be spoken aside is overheard by the whole audience, and especially by those from whom he is most anxious to conceal his private maneuvers — Hark!"

They listened, and heard the old domestic's voice in conversation with Mysie to the following effect. "Just mak the best o't, mak the best o't, woman; it's easy to put a fair face on onything."

"But the auld brood-hen? — she'll be as teugh as bowstrings and bend-leather!"

"Say ye made a mistake — say ye made a mistake, Mysie," replied the faithful seneschal,

in a soothing and undertoned voice; “tak it a’ on yoursell; never let the credit o’ the house suffer.”

“But the brood-hen,” remonstrated Mysie, — “ou, she’s sitting some gate aneath the dais in the hall, and I am feared to gae in in the dark for the bogle; and if I didna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, for it’s pit-mirk, and there’s no another light in the house, save that very blessed lamp whilk the Master has in his ain hand. And if I had the hen, she’s to pu’, and to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and them sitting by the only fire we have?”

“Weel, weel, Mysie,” said the butler, “bide ye there a wee, and I’ll try to get the lamp wiled away frae them.”

Accordingly, Caleb Balderston entered the apartment, little aware that so much of his by-play had been audible there. “Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?” said the Master of Ravenswood.

“*Chance* of supper, your lordship?” said Caleb, with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt, — “How should there be any question of that, and us in your lordship’s house? — *Chance* of supper, indeed! — But ye’ll no be for butcher-meat? There’s walth o’ fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander<sup>1</sup> — The fat capon, Mysie!” he

<sup>1</sup> Broiler.

added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

“Quite unnecessary,” said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler’s perplexity, “if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread.”

“The best of bannocks<sup>1</sup>!” exclaimed Caleb, much relieved; “and, for cauld meat, a’ that we hae is cauld enough,—howbeit maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gien to the poor folk; nevertheless” —

“Come, Caleb,” said the Master of Ravenswood, “I must cut this matter short. This is the young laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore, you know” —

“He’ll be nae nicer than your lordship’s honor, I’se warrant,” answered Caleb, cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence; “I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blithe that he canna say muckle agane our housekeeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours;—no that we are pinched, thank God,” he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, “but nae doubt we are waur off than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating,—what signifies telling a lee? there’s just the hinder end of the mutton-ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the

<sup>1</sup>Oatmeal cakes.



sweeter, as your honors weel ken; and — there's the heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck,<sup>1</sup> wi' a bit of nice butter, and — and — that's a' that's to trust to." And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the meanwhile waited on them with grave officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But alas! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare! Bucklaw, who had eagerly eaten a considerable portion of the thrice-sacked mutton-ham, now began to demand ale.

"I wadna just presume to recommend our ale," said Caleb; "the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week; but siccan water as the Tower well has ye'll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I'se engage for."

"But if your ale is bad, you can let us have some wine," said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

"Wine?" answered Caleb, undauntedly,

<sup>1</sup> A kind of wild turnip.

“eneugh of wine; it was but twa days syne — wae’s me for the cause — there was as much wine drunk in this house as would have floated a pin-nace. There never was lack of wine at Wolf’s Crag.”

“Do fetch us some then,” said his master, “instead of talking about it.” And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set a-tilt, and shake with the desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained; and, with all the squeezing and maneuvering which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment; called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilt, and placing the other vessel on the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honors. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack upon the vintage of Wolf’s Crag, but contented himself, however reluctantly, with a draft of fair water.

Arrangements were now made for his repose; and as the secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all deficiencies of furniture, bedding, etc.

“For wha,” said he, “would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? it has not been used since the time of the Gowrie Conspiracy,<sup>1</sup> and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honor will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang.”

## II

The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view which was seen from the castle on looking to the landward; and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side, in awful yet complacent majesty, to the verge of the horizon.

To seek out Bucklaw in the retreat which he had afforded him was the first occupation of the Master. “How now, Bucklaw?” was his morning’s salutation — “how like you the couch in which the exiled Earl of Angus once slept in security, when he was pursued by the full energy of a king’s resentment?”

<sup>1</sup> A conspiracy against the life or personal freedom of James VI of Scotland by the Earl of Gowrie and others.

“Umph !” returned the sleeper awakened ; “I have little to complain of where so great a man was quartered before me, only the mattress was of the hardest, the vault somewhat damp, the rats rather more mutinous than I would have expected from the state of Caleb’s larder ; and if there had been shutters to that grated window, or a curtain to the bed, I should think it, upon the whole, an improvement in your accommodations.”

“It is, to be sure, forlorn enough,” said the Master, looking around the small vault ; “but if you will rise and leave it, Caleb will endeavor to find you a better breakfast than your supper of last night.”

“Pray, let it be no better,” said Bucklaw, getting up, and endeavoring to dress himself as well as the obscurity of the place would permit, — “let it, I say, be no better, if you mean me to persevere in my proposed reformation. The very recollection of Caleb’s beverage has done more to suppress my longing to open the day with a morning draft than twenty sermons would have done. But this same breakfast, Master, — does the deer that is to make the pastry run yet on foot, as the ballad has it ?”

“I will inquire into that matter,” said his entertainer ; and, leaving the apartment, he went in search of Caleb, whom, after some difficulty, he found in an obscure sort of dungeon, which had

been in former times the buttery of the castle. Here the old man was employed busily in the doubtful task of burnishing a pewter flagon until it should take the hue and semblance of silver-plate. "I think it may do — I think it might pass, if they winna bring it ower muckle in the light o' the window!" were the ejaculations which he muttered from time to time, as if to encourage himself in his undertaking, when he was interrupted by the voice of his master. "Take this," said the Master of Ravenswood, "and get what is necessary for the family." And with these words he gave to the old butler a purse. The old man shook his silvery and thin locks, and looked with an expression of the most heartfelt anguish at his master as he weighed in his hand the slender treasure, and said in a sorrowful voice, "And is this a' that's left?"

"All that is left at present," said the Master, affecting more cheerfulness than perhaps he really felt, "is just the green purse and the wee pickle gowd, as the old song says; but we shall do better one day, Caleb."

"Before that day comes," said Caleb, "I doubt there will be an end of an auld sang, and an auld serving man to boot. But it disna become me to speak that gate to your honor, and you looking so pale. Tak back the purse, and keep it to be making a show before company; for if your honor would just take a bidding, and be whiles taking

it out afore folk and putting it up again, there's naebody would refuse us trust, for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But, Caleb," said the Master, "I still intend to leave this country very soon, and desire to do so with the reputation of an honest man, leaving no debt behind me, at least of my own contracting."

"And gude right ye suld gang away as a true man, and so ye shall; for auld Caleb can tak the wyte of whatever is taen on for the house, and then it will be a' just ae man's burden; and I will live just as weel in the tolbooth<sup>1</sup> as out of it, and the credit of the family will be a' safe and sound."

The master endeavored, in vain, to make Caleb comprehend that the butler's incurring the responsibility of debts in his own person would rather add to than remove the objections which he had to their being contracted. He spoke to a premier too busy in devising ways and means, to puzzle himself with refuting the arguments offered against their justice or expediency.

"There's Eppie Sma'trash will trust us for ale," said Caleb to himself; "she has lived a' her life under the family — and maybe wi' a soup brandy — I canna say for wine — she is but a lone woman, and gets her claret by a runlet at a time — but I'll work a wee drap out o' her by fair means or foul. For doos, there's the doocot — there will be

<sup>1</sup> A town jail.

poultry amang the tenants, though Lucky Chirnside says she has paid the kain<sup>1</sup> twice ower. We'll mak shift, an it like your honor — we'll mak shift — keep your heart abune, for the house sall haud its credit as lang as auld Caleb is to the fore."

The entertainment which the old man's exertions of various kinds enabled him to present to the young gentlemen for three or four days was certainly of no splendid description, but it may readily be believed it was set before no critical guests; and even the distresses, excuses, evasions, and shifts of Caleb afforded amusement to the young men, and added a sort of interest to the scrambling and irregular style of their table.

*From "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."*

<sup>1</sup> Kain or cane is rent paid in kind, as poultry, eggs, etc.

## ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !  
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as  
    bright ;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-  
    Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;  
The mother, she asked of his household and home :



“Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the  
hill,  
My hall,” quoth bold Allen, “shows gallanter  
still ;  
’Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so  
pale,  
And with all its bright spangles !” said Allen-a-  
Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :  
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black  
eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

*From “ROKEBY.”*

“LOOK NOT THOU ON BEAUTY’S CHARMING”

Look not thou on beauty’s charming ;  
Sit thou still when kings are arming ;  
Taste not when the wine cup glistens ;  
Speak not when the people listens ;  
Stop thine ear against the singer ;  
From the red gold keep thy finger ;  
Vacant heart and hand and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

*From “THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.”*

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

[The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name are alluded to in this ballad.]

THE moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,  
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day ;  
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo !  
Then haloo, Grigalach ! haloo, Grigalach !  
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and her  
towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;  
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !  
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,  
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword !  
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !  
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the  
eagles !

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigal-  
lach !

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the  
river,

MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever !

Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach !

Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
shall career,

O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall  
steer.

And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

Gather, gather, gather, etc.

## ROB ROY IN THE TOILS

[Frank Osbaldistone, the hero of the novel "Rob Roy," accompanied by Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow and a quaint servant named Andrew Fairservice, penetrates into the Highlands on an important mission to the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor. They find themselves caught in the midst of a struggle between the MacGregors and the followers of the Duke of Montrose who have entered the Highlands for the purpose of seizing the outlawed chief, Rob Roy.

At the beginning of our selection Rob Roy and Frank Osbaldistone both are in the hands of the duke's forces. Montrose and Major Galbraith, Laird of Garschattachin, are awaiting their allies, Highland clans at enmity with the MacGregors.]

THE videttes, who had been dispatched, returned without tidings of the expected auxiliaries, and sunset was approaching, when a Highlander belonging to the clans whose coöperation was expected, appeared as the bearer of a letter, which he delivered to the duke with a most profound congé.

"Now will I wad a hogshead of claret," said Garschattachin, "that this is a message to tell us that these cursed Highlandmen, whom we have fetched here at the expense of so much plague and vexation are going to draw off, and leave us to do our own business if we can."



ROB ROY

“It is even so, gentlemen,” said the duke, reddening with indignation, after having perused the letter, which was written upon a very dirty scrap of paper, but most punctiliously addressed, “For the much-honored hands of Ane High and Mighty Prince, the Duke, &c. &c. &c.” “Our allies,” continued the duke, “have deserted us, gentlemen, and have made a separate peace with the enemy.”

“It’s just the fate of all alliances,” said Garschattachin; “the dutch were gaun to serve us the same gate, if we had not got the start of them at Utrecht.”<sup>1</sup>

“You are facetious, sir,” said the duke, with a frown which showed how little he liked the pleasantry, “but our business is rather of a grave cast just now — I suppose no gentleman would advise our attempting to penetrate farther into the country, unsupported either by friendly Highlanders, or by infantry from Inversnaid?”

A general answer announced that the attempt would be perfect madness.

“Nor would there be great wisdom,” the duke added, “in remaining exposed to a night attack in this place. I therefore propose that we should retreat to the house of Duchray and that of Gartartan, and keep safe and sure watch and ward

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, concluded between France on one side and England, Holland, and Prussia on the other.

until morning. But before we separate, I will examine Rob Roy before you all, and make you sensible, by your own eyes and ears, of the extreme unfitness of leaving him space for farther outrage." He gave orders accordingly, and the prisoner was brought before him, his arms belted down above the elbow, and secured to his body by a horse girth buckled tight behind him. Two noncommissioned officers had hold of him, one on each side, and two file of men with carabines and fixed bayonets attended for additional security.

I had never seen this man in the dress of his country, which set in striking point of view the peculiarities of his form. A shock-head of red hair, which the hat and periwig of the Lowland costume had in a great measure concealed, was seen beneath the Highland bonnet, and verified the epithet of *Roy*, or *Red*, by which he was much better known in the Low Country than by any other, and is still, I suppose, best remembered. The justice of the appellation was also vindicated by the appearance of that part of his limbs, from the bottom of his kilt to the top of his short hose, which the fashion of his country dress left bare, and which was covered with a fell of thick, short, red hair, especially around his knees, which resembled in this respect, as well as from their sinewy appearance of extreme strength, the limbs of a red-colored Highland bull. Upon the whole, be-

twixt the effect produced by the change of dress, and by my having become acquainted with his real and formidable character, his appearance had acquired to my eyes something so much wilder and more striking than it before presented, that I could scarce recognize him to be the same person.<sup>1</sup>

His manner was bold, unconstrained unless by the actual bonds, haughty, and even dignified. He bowed to the duke, nodded to Garschattachin and others, and showed some surprise at seeing me among the party.

“It is long since we have met, Mr. Campbell,” said the duke.

“It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it had been” (looking at the fastening on his arms) “when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace — but there’s a gude time coming.”

“No time like the time present, Mr. Campbell,” answered the duke, “for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last account with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to insult your distress; but you must be aware yourself that you draw near the end of your career. I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may

<sup>1</sup> Frank had first met Rob Roy in Lowland dress, under the name of Campbell. Campbell was supposed to be a cattle dealer.



occasionally have exhibited marks of talent, and even of a disposition which promised better things. But you are aware how long you have been the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighborhood, and by what acts of violence you have maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and that you must prepare for it."

"My lord," said Rob Roy, "although I may well lay my misfortunes at your Grace's door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the willful and witting author of them. My lord, if I had thought sae, your Grace would not this day have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within good rifle distance of me when you were thinking but of the red deer, and few people have kend me miss my aim. But as for them that have abused your Grace's ear, and set you up against a man that was ance as peacefu' a man as ony in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to utter extremity, — I have had some amends of them, and, for a' that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hae mair."

"I know," said the duke, in rising anger, "that you are a determined and impudent villain, who will keep his oath if he swears to mischief; but it shall be my care to prevent you. You have no enemies but your own wicked actions."

"Had I called myself Grahame, instead of Camp-

bell, I might have heard less about them," answered Rob Roy, with dogged resolution.

"You will do well, sir," said the duke, "to warn your wife and family and followers, to beware how they use the gentlemen now in their hands, as I will requite tenfold on them, and their kin and allies, the slightest injury done to any of his majesty's liege subjects."

"My lord," said Roy in answer, "none of my enemies will allege that I have been a bloodthirsty man, and were I now wi' my folk, I could rule four or five hundred wild Hielanders as easy as your Grace those eight or ten lackeys and footboys. But if your Grace is bent to take the head away from a house, ye may lay your account there will be misrule amang the members. — However, come o't what like, there's an honest man, a kinsman o' my ain, maun come by nae skaith.<sup>1</sup> — Is there ony body here wad do a gude deed for MacGregor? — he may repay it, though his hands be now tied."

The Highlander who had delivered the letter to the duke replied, "I'll do your will for you, MacGregor; and I'll gang back up the glen on purpose."

He advanced, and received from the prisoner a message to his wife, which, being in Gaelic, I did not understand, but I had little doubt it related

<sup>1</sup> The same as scathe, meaning harm, injury.

to some measures to be taken for the safety of Mr. Jarvie.

“Do you hear the fellow’s impudence?” said the duke; “he confides in his character of a messenger. His conduct is of a piece with his masters’, who invited us to make common cause against these freebooters, and have deserted us so soon as the MacGregors have agreed to surrender the Balquidder lands they were squabbling about.

“No truth in plaids, no faith in tartan trews!  
Cameleon-like, they change a thousand hues.”

“Your great ancestor never said so, my lord,” answered Major Galbraith; “and, with submission, neither would your Grace have occasion to say it, wad ye but be for beginning justice at the well-head. — Gie the honest man his mear again. — Let every head wear its ain bannet, and the distractions o’ the Lennox wad be mended wi’ them o’ the land.”

“Hush! hush! Garschattachin,” said the duke; “this is language dangerous for you to talk to any one, and especially to me; but I presume you reckon yourself a privileged person. Please to draw off your party towards Gartartan; I shall myself see the prisoner escorted to Duchray, and send you orders to-morrow. You will please grant no leave of absence to any of your troopers.”

“Here’s auld ordering and counter-ordering,”

muttered Garschattachin between his teeth. “But patience! patience!—we may ae day play at Change seats, the king’s coming.”

The echoes of the rocks and ravines, on either side, now rang to the trumpets of the cavalry, which, forming themselves into two distinct bodies, began to move down the valley at a slow trot. That commanded by Major Galbraith soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Forth, for the purpose of taking up the quarters assigned them for the night, when they were to occupy, as I understood, an old castle in the vicinity. They formed a lively object while crossing the stream, but were soon lost in winding up the bank on the opposite side, which was clothed with wood.

We continued our march with considerable good order. To insure the safe custody of the prisoner, the duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, as I was informed, Ewan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse belt, passed round the bodies of both, and buckled before the yeoman’s breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop horse. We were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side

with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairservice, furnished with a Highland pony of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride among the other domestics, of whom a great number attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troopers.

In this manner we traveled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken, precipitous ravine, which only permitted one horseman to descend at once. The rear and center of our small body halting on the bank while the front files passed down in succession produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions; and even some confusion; for a number of those riders, who made no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, like a calf, for a' the dukes in Christendom."

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

“And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see toom faulds,<sup>1</sup> a bluidy hearth-stane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o’ your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob to the fore, you would have had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose.”

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

“It’s a sair thing,” continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Ewan’s ear that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape — “It’s a sair thing, that Ewan of Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, suld mind a gloom from a great man mair than a friend’s life?”

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. We heard the duke’s voice from the opposite bank call, “Bring over the prisoner.”

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as I heard Roy say, “Never weigh a MacGregor’s bluid against a broken whang o’ leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it baith here and hereafter,” they passed me hastily, and dash-

<sup>1</sup> Empty sheep folds.

ing forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

“Not yet, sir — not yet,” said some of the troopers to me, as I was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

I saw the duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. “Dog!” he exclaimed to Ewan, as he landed, “where is your prisoner?” and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vassal began to falter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, whether fatally I know not, and exclaimed, “Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villain! — An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!”

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan's slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped off at the horse's tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glimpse of his tartan plaid drew the attention

of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others less zealous, or more prudent, broke off in different directions, and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the places at which the fugitive might possibly land. The hollowing, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points, where they saw, or conceived they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking, — the frequent report of pistols and carbines, fired at every object which excited the least suspicion, — the sight of so many horsemen riding about, in and out of the river, and striking with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain exertions used by their officers to restore order and regularity; and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub I had hitherto witnessed. I was indeed left alone to observe it, for our whole cavalcade had dispersed in pursuit, or at least to see the event of the search. Indeed, as I partly suspected at the time, and afterwards learned with certainty, many of those who seemed most active in their attempts to waylay and recover the fugitive were, in actual truth, least



desirous that he should be taken, and only joined in the cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Rob Roy a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the freebooter, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made which flashed in the water around him; the scene much resembling one of the otter hunts which I had seen at Osbaldistone Hall, where the animal is detected by the hounds from his being necessitated to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to elude them by getting under water again so soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the otter; for he contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plaid, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

Once fairly out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since, in so many places, the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks, or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch, which, overhanging its banks, prevented the approach of horsemen.

Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more helpless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused mêlée, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatsoever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they returned, again to assume their ranks. I could see them darkening, as they formed on the southern bank of the river, whose murmurs, long drowned by the louder cries of vengeful pursuit, were now heard hoarsely mingling with the deep, discontented, and reproachful voices of the disappointed horsemen.

*From "ROB ROY."*

“A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID”

“A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine !  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine !  
A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —  
No more of me you knew,  
My love !  
No more of me you knew.

“This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain ;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.”  
He turned his charger as he spake  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
Said, “Adieu forevermore,  
My love !  
And adieu forevermore.”

*From “ROKEBY.”*

## NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said,  
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
Should all the race of nature die  
And none be left but he and I.  
For all the gold, for all the gear,  
And all the lands both far and near,  
That ever valor lost or won,  
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,  
"Are lightly made and lightly broke ;  
The heather on the mountain's height  
Begins to bloom in purple light ;  
The frost wind soon shall sweep away  
That lustre deep from glen and brae ;  
Yet Nora ere its bloom be gone  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest ;  
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn <sup>1</sup> ;  
Our kilted clans when blood is high  
Before their foes may turn and fly ;

<sup>1</sup> Kilchurn Castle is near the mountain, Ben-Cruaichan.

But I, were all these marvels done,  
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water lily's shade  
Her wonted nest the wild swan made ;  
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,  
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;  
To shun the clash of foeman's steel  
No Highland brogue has turned the heel ;  
But Nora's heart is lost and won —  
She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

### LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

OH, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright ;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we  
see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would  
be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and  
drum ;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you  
may,

For strife comes with manhood and waking with  
day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

## THE MARCH OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY

[In this selection Captain Waverley is about to join the Highland army as it marches to the support of the "Young Pretender," Charles Edward. In 1745 Charles Edward left France and landed in Scotland to proclaim his father — the chevalier St. George, son of James II — King, as James VIII of Scotland and III of England. This was the "Second Jacobite Rebellion," and it ended in failure with the battle of Culloden in April, 1746. The attempt in both the Jacobite Rebellions was to reestablish the family of Stuart on the English throne, which was descended from the deposed king, James II.]

WHEN Waverley had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's seat, and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. The rocks, which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves

from their couch under the canopy of heaven with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military maneuvers. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of 'Clanronald, *Ganion Coheriga* (Gainsay who dares); *Lochsloy*, the watchword of the Mac-Farlanes; *Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters*, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; *Bydand*, that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.





BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans*. The few cavalry, being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army; and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect to their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. . . .

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum,<sup>1</sup> with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column of march which was still distant, and that "they would gang very fast after the cannon fired." Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed, rather diminished the effect

<sup>1</sup> Callum Beg, a page of Fergus MacIvor, Vich Ian Vohr, the Highland chieftain whose forces Waverley was to join.

impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target, and fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; while the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the common peasantry of the Highland country, who, although they did not allow themselves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutered, and worse armed, half naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect.

From this it happened that, in bodies the van of which were admirably well armed in their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a poleax, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary production of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes, or Eskimo Indians, had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally, from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty, of the British kingdoms.

As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by the army which meditated so important a revolution, was fired as the signal of march. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but, to his surprise, the Highland chiefs interposed to solicit that it might accompany their march, pleading the prejudices of their followers, who, little accustomed to artillery, attached a degree of absurd importance to this fieldpiece, and expected it would contribute essentially to a victory which they could only owe to their own muskets and broadswords. Two or three French artillerymen were therefore appointed to the management of this military engine, which was drawn along by a string of Highland ponies, and was, after all, only used for the purpose of firing signals.

No sooner was its voice heard upon the present occasion, than the whole line was in motion. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battalions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangor of the bagpipes, as the sound of these, in their turn, was partially drowned by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered and shook as they moved forward, and the horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitering parties to ascertain and report the

motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the base of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little lake of Dudington.

*From "WAVERLEY."*

## BORDER SONG

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order ?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
Many a banner spread  
Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story.  
Mount and make ready then,  
Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels<sup>1</sup> are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
Trumpets are sounding,  
War steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms, then, and march in good  
order,  
England shall many a day  
Tell of the bloody fray,  
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

*From "THE MONASTERY."*

<sup>1</sup> A flock of sheep.

## PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early ;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me ?” —

“When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly ?” —

“The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing,  
‘Welcome, proud lady.’”

*From* “THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.”



## DOMINIE SAMPSON

[Dominie Sampson has been for many years a member of the household of the Laird of Ellangowan. On the death of the laird, it appeared that fate must separate him from Lucy Bertram, the young daughter of Ellangowan, to whom the old Dominie was much attached. Lucy was to enter the household of Colonel Mannering as a companion to his daughter Julia. Mannering has recently hired the estate of Woodbourne, through his business agent, the kindly sheriff, Mr. Mac-Morlan. In the following extract we learn first of Dominie Sampson's early years, and then of the circumstances attending his going to Woodbourne.]

### I

ABEL SAMPSON — commonly called, from his occupation as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson — was of low birth; but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, “might wag his pow in a pulpit yet.” With an ambitious view to such consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early and lay down late, ate dry bread and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime, his tall, ungainly figure, his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing

his visage, while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school companions. The same qualities secured him at Glasgow college a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob "of the yards" used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson (for he had already attained that honorable title) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his Lexicon under his arm, his long misshapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke, the efforts of the professor (professor of divinity though he was) were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long, sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under jaw, which appeared not to open and shut by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man, — the harsh and dissonant voice, and the screech-owl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly, — all added fresh subject for mirth to the torn cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects of raillery against the poor scholar, from Juvenal's<sup>1</sup> time downward.

<sup>1</sup> A noted satirical poet of the time of Trajan.

It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodgings, where, for eighteen pence a week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, if his landlady was in good humor, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated as a "stickit minister."<sup>1</sup> And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means

<sup>1</sup> An unsuccessful minister.

of observing closely how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town with a week's sport. It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ballad, called "Sampson's Riddle," written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity, to the sly hope of the Principal, that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty namesake, taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance, the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equaled those of a skillful plowman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted even to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy after having twice reduced the parlor to total darkness. So

his civilities, thereafter, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellan-gowan.

On one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Mannering his tall, gaunt, awkward, bony figure, attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a colored handkerchief, not overclean, about his sinewy, scraggy neck, and his nether person arrayed in gray breeches, dark blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

## II

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality, for a separation from Lucy Bertram would have certainly broken his heart. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellan-gowan. Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. "Let Mr. Sampson know," said the Colonel's next letter, "that I shall want his assistance to

catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting. Let the poor man be properly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne."

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr. Sampson as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe, by the guidance of his own taste, usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes, as for a schoolboy, would probably give offense. At length Mac-Morlan resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him, that though she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's.

"At Ellangowan," she said, "whenever my poor

father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could any one observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him on such occasions."

Mac-Morlan, in conformity with Miss Bertram's advice, procured a skillful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-gray, and even engaged that they should fit him — as well at least (so the tailor qualified his enterprise) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When this fashioner had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan, judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and lastly on the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe, that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place on his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious ex-

pression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, "by the aid of use, cleaved to their mold." The only remark he was ever known to make on the subject was, that "the air of a town like Kippletringan seemed favorable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked almost as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his license as a preacher."

*From "GUY MANNERING."*



ALICE BRAND

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
When the mavis <sup>1</sup> and merle <sup>2</sup> are singing,  
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in  
cry,  
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

“O Alice Brand, my native land  
Is lost for love of you ;  
And we must hold by wood and wold,<sup>3</sup>  
As outlaws wont to do.

“O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
That on the night of our luckless flight,  
Thy brother bold I slew.

“Now must I teach to hew the beech  
The hand that held the glaive,  
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
And stakes to fence our cave.

“And for vest of pall,<sup>4</sup> thy fingers small,  
That wont on harp to stray,  
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,  
To keep the cold away.” —

<sup>1</sup> Thrush.

<sup>2</sup> Blackbird.

<sup>3</sup> Open grazing country.

<sup>4</sup> The rich cloth from which mantles were made.

“O Richard ! if my brother died,  
 ’Twas but a fatal chance ;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

“If pall and vair <sup>1</sup> no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we’ll say, is the russet gray,  
 As gay the forest green.

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand.”

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;  
 On the beech’s pride, and oak’s brown side,  
 Lord Richard’s ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who woned <sup>2</sup> within the hill, —  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle’s screen ?

<sup>1</sup> A kind of fur much worn in the Middle Ages.

<sup>2</sup> Dwelt.

Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies' fatal green ?

“Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,  
 For thou wert christened man ;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For muttered word or ban.”

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 Though the birds have stilled their singing ;  
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
 Before Lord Richard stands,  
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
 “I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,  
 “That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
 That woman void of fear, —  
 “And if there's blood upon his hand,  
 'Tis but the blood of deer.” —

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !  
 It cleaves unto his hand,  
 The stain of thine own kindly<sup>1</sup> blood,  
 The blood of Ethert Brand.”

<sup>1</sup> Kindred.

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
 And made the holy sign, —  
 “And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.

“And I conjure thee, demon elf,  
 By Him whom demons fear,  
 To show us whence thou art thyself,  
 And what thine errand here ?”

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
 When fairy birds are singing,  
 When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,  
 With bit and bridle ringing :

“And gayly shines the Fairy-land —  
 But all is glistening show,  
 Like the idle gleam that December’s beam  
 Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,  
 Is our inconstant shape,  
 Who now like knight and lady seem,  
 And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,  
 When the Fairy King has power,  
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
 And, ’twixt life and death, was snatched away  
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,  
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
 I might regain my mortal mold,  
 As fair a form as thine.”

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —  
 That lady was so brave ;  
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
 The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ;  
 He rose beneath her hand  
 The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
 Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline<sup>1</sup> gray,  
 When all the bells were ringing.

*From “THE LADY OF THE LAKE.”*

## HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountains dawns the day,  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear !  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,

<sup>1</sup> Here was once the most magnificent abbey in Scotland; destroyed by the English in 1303.



THE CHASE

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Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green ;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the greenwood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,  
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ?  
Think of this and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

## CHRISTMAS IN MERRY ENGLAND

HEAP on more wood ! — the wind is chill ;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer :  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol<sup>1</sup> more deep the mead did drain,  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,  
Caroused in seas of sable beer,  
While round in brutal jest were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib and marrowbone,  
Or listened all in grim delight  
While scalds<sup>2</sup> yelled out the joys of flight.  
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly,  
And dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the while

<sup>1</sup> Danish word for festivity, still applied to Christmas in Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Singers or reciters of poems.



As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to the holy night ;  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;  
The hall was dressed with holly green ;  
Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir, with roses <sup>1</sup> in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose ;  
The lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of " post and pair."'  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice, the happy night

<sup>1</sup> Rosettes.

That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn  
By old blue-coated serving man ;  
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell,  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassail round, in good brown bowls  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by  
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie ;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
At such high tide her savory goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roared with blithesome din ;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery ;

White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;  
But oh ! what maskers, richly dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

*From "MARMION."*

## THE SCOTSMAN AT HOME

[Captain Brown, an English army officer, is making a walking tour through northern England into Scotland. At a small inn in Cumberland he falls in with Dandie Dinmont, a hospitable Scottish farmer just returning from the fairs. Their common interest in dogs and hunting leads Dinmont to invite Brown to stop at his farm, Charlies-hope, which lies close to the young man's pathway northward. The farmer starts out mounted on his horse Duple, and is followed by the captain afoot. On the road, Dinmont is set upon by ruffians, and escapes a severe beating only through the timely arrival of Brown and his dog Wasp. Then, both mounted upon Duple, the two men proceed to Charlies-hope.]

NIGHT was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height, or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage — it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower showed

that it had once harbored beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a well-known ford, Duple crossed the small river, and then quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farmsteading of Charlies-hope, or, in the language of the country, "the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach, by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order — the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run *ben the house*,<sup>1</sup> to cry "Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Duple, turned loose, walked to his own stable door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardor corresponding more to their own names

<sup>1</sup> Into another room of the house.

than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout laborer was patting Duple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs. Dinmont, a well-favored buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. "Eh, sirs! gudeman, ye hae been a weary while away!"

"Deil's<sup>1</sup> in the wife," said Dandie Dinmont, shaking off his spouse's embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection; — "deil's in ye, Ailie — d'ye no see the stranger gentleman?"

Ailie turned to make her apology — "Troth, I was sae weel pleased to see the gudeman, that — But, gude gracious! what's the matter wi' ye baith?" — for they were now in her little parlor, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. "Ye've been fighting again, Dandie, wi' some o' the Bewcastle horse coupers!<sup>2</sup> Wow,<sup>3</sup> man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the warld." — The tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

"Whist! whist! gudewife," said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it. "Never mind — never mind —

<sup>1</sup> The devil.

<sup>2</sup> Horse dealers.

<sup>3</sup> Tut!

there's a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I was whigging cannily<sup>1</sup> awa hame, twa land loupers<sup>2</sup> jumpit out of a peat-hag<sup>3</sup> on me as I was thinking, and got me down, and knevelled<sup>4</sup> me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs — and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman hadna come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so ye maun be thankful to him for it, under God." With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in her kist.

"God bless the gentleman, and e'en God bless him wi' a' my heart — but what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth — unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible), unless there was ony other way. —" Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the — regiment of cavalry, traveling for pleasure, and on foot, both from motives of inde-

<sup>1</sup> Jogging on cheerfully.

<sup>3</sup> A pit from which peat has been dug.

<sup>2</sup> Tramps, vagabonds.

<sup>4</sup> Beat.

pendence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs. Dinmont was used to her husband's broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a tablecloth not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for "a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himsell and other folk into collie-shangies.<sup>1</sup>"

When Dandie Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles,<sup>2</sup> and cutting the Highland fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The gudewife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery<sup>3</sup> — she cut away with her scissors the gory locks, clapped on the wound some lint besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, fixed her plaster with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep everything in its right place. Mrs. Dinmont then simply, but kindly, offered her assistance to Brown.

<sup>1</sup> Quarrels, rows.

<sup>2</sup> Capers.

<sup>3</sup> Surgery.



He assured her he had no occasion for anything but the accommodation of a basin and towel.

“And that’s what I should have thought of sooner,” she said; “and I did think o’t, but I durst na open the door; for there’s a’ the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father.”

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlor, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the basin and towel (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room), a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Duple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones;<sup>1</sup> others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspeth’s tales and ballads; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddy, and to inquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny trumpets, and gingerbread, and, lastly, when the tumult of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest

<sup>1</sup> Luncheon (eaten at about 4 P.M.) of oatmeal cakes.

— “This is a’ the gudewife’s fault, captain — she will gie the bairns a’ their ain way.”

“Me ! Lord help me,” said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the basin and ewer, “how can I help it ? — I have naething else to gie them, poor things !”

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves “distinctly.” For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master’s chair, to a share of a dried wedder’s<sup>1</sup> skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearthrug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlor) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking from the gridiron. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes,

<sup>1</sup> Ram.

and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did great honor to the eatables.

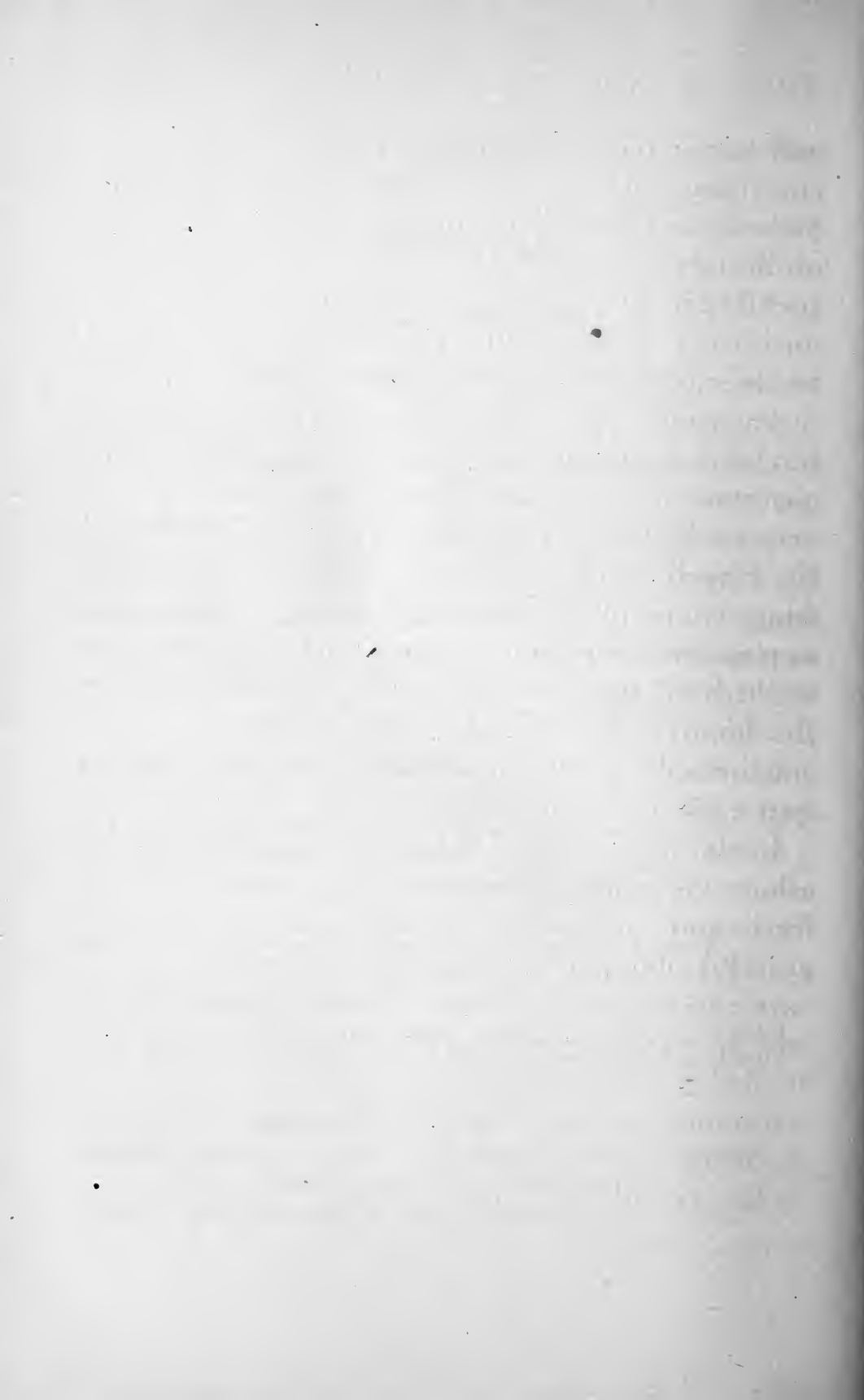
At length, the captain resolutely declined all further conviviality for that evening, pleading his own weariness and the effects of the skirmish. A very small bedroom, but a very clean bed, received the traveler, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, "that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate,<sup>1</sup> for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans, and bittled<sup>2</sup> by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveler's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

*From "GUY MANNERING."*

<sup>1</sup> Way.

<sup>2</sup> Beaten. A wooden pestle is used in washing clothes by the waterside.



## APPENDIX

### REFERENCE BOOKS

#### I. ON SIR WALTER SCOTT

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. Begun by himself and continued by J. G. Lockhart. (*Everyman's Library*, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

This is Lockhart's own condensation of his "Memoirs of the Life of Walter Scott, Bart.," the authoritative biography. The "Memoirs," however, on account of their bulk — eight volumes — are not convenient for school use. When reference to Lockhart's pages is desired, therefore, this reprint will be found most satisfactory. There is a full index and an outline of each chapter.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Richard H. Hutton. (*English Men of Letters*, The Macmillan Company, New York.)

This is a further condensation of Lockhart's story into less than two hundred pages. Its brevity makes it of special value to the teacher and student.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, by George Saintsbury. (*Famous Scots Series*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

This is another brief life of Scott which contains, in addition to biographical matter, interesting criticism upon characters and plot of the novels.

WALTER SCOTT, by Walter S. Hinchman. (A chapter in Hinchman and Gummere's "Lives of Great English Writers," Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)

A succinct but comprehensive sketch of Scott's career. Written especially for school use.

## II. ON "THE WAVERLEY NOVELS"

THE WAVERLEY MANUAL, by Sidney W. Cornish. (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.)

A finding list for the chief characters, incidents, and descriptions in "The Waverley Novels." There are chapter references throughout, and an index.

A KEY TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, by Henry Grey. (John Long, London.)

WAVERLEY SYNOPSES, by J. Walker MacSpadden. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

In each of these books the story of each novel is told briefly, and there is an index of the principal characters.

THE WAVERLEY DICTIONARY, by May Rogers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

An alphabetical arrangement of all the characters in "The Waverley Novels," with a descriptive analysis of each character, illustrative selections from the text, and chapter references. The book also contains a synopsis by chapters of each novel.

A DICTIONARY OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, by M. F. A. Husband. (G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

This work differs from "The Waverley Dictionary" mainly in that its identifications and descriptions are briefer. There are no chapter references.

HISTORY IN SCOTT'S NOVELS, by Albert S. Gunning. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

A literary study of the historical allusions in fifteen novels, viz.: "The Talisman," "Ivanhoe," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Quentin Durward," "Anne of Geierstein," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Woodstock," "Peveril of the Peak," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "Waverley," and "Redgauntlet."

## IMPORTANT DATES IN ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH HISTORY

TOGETHER WITH THE NOVELS AND POEMS OF SCOTT WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE VARIOUS PERIODS

### 410-1066. The Saxons and the Danes.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN. The action begins in the time of the legendary King Arthur; and by the enchantment of Merlin is concluded 500 years later.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER. Stories of Scottish history from 1033 to the death of the Young Pretender, 1788.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

### 1066-1154. The Norman Period.

William the Conqueror, 1066-1087.

William Rufus, 1087-1100.

First Crusade, 1096.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

Henry I, 1100-1135.

Stephen, 1135-1154.

### 1154-1399. The Angevin or Plantagenet Period.

Henry II, 1154-1189.

THE BETROTHED.

Richard I, 1189-1199.

Richard becomes a Crusader, 1190.

THE TALISMAN.

IVANHOE.

John, 1199-1216.

Magna Charta is signed, 1215.

Henry III, 1216-1272.

Beginning of the House of Commons, 1265.

Edward I, 1272-1307.

CASTLE DANGEROUS.

War with Scotland begins, 1295.

Edward II, 1307-1327.

LORD OF THE ISLES.

Battle of Bannockburn, 1314.

Edward III, 1327-1377.

Scotland becomes independent, 1328.

Hundred Years' War begins, 1338.

Battle of Crecy, 1346.

Battle of Poitiers, 1356.

Richard II, 1377-1399.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

### 1399-1485. The Period of Lancaster and York.

Henry IV, 1399-1413.

Henry V, 1413-1422.

Battle of Agincourt, 1415.

Henry VI, 1422-1461.

Hundred Years' War ends, 1453.

Wars of the Roses begin, 1455.

Edward IV, 1461-1483.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

Caxton introduces printing, 1477.

**1399-1485 continued.**

Edward V, 1483.  
 Richard III, 1483-1485.  
 Battle of Bosworth Field; end  
 of the Wars of the Roses, 1485.

**1485-1603. The Tudor Period.**

Henry VII, 1485-1509.  
 Columbus discovers America, 1492.  
 Henry VIII, 1509-1547.  
 Battle of Flodden, 1513.

MARMION.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Edward VI, 1547-1553.  
 Mary, 1553-1558.  
 Elizabeth, 1558-1603.

Drake sails around the world,  
 1557.

Execution of Mary, Queen of  
 Scots, 1587.

Defeat of the Armada, 1588.

THE MONASTERY.

THE ABBOT.

KENILWORTH.

**1603-1649. The Stuart Period —  
First Part.**

James I, 1603-1625.  
 Virginia settled at Jamestown, 1607.  
 THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.  
 Massachusetts settled at Plym-  
 outh, 1620  
 Charles I, 1625-1649.  
 Pilgrims found Boston, 1630.  
 English Prayer Book forced upon  
 Scotland, 1637.  
 Civil War begins with battle of  
 Edgehill, 1642.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

Execution of Charles I, 1649.

ROKEBY.

**1649-1660. The Commonwealth  
and Protectorate Period.**

House of Lords abolished, 1649.  
 Charles II proclaimed king in  
 Scotland, 1649.  
 Battle of Worcester and flight of  
 Charles, 1651.

Cromwell becomes Lord Protector,  
 1653.

Richard Cromwell becomes Pro-  
 tector, 1658.

WOODSTOCK.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

**1660-1714. The Stuart Period —  
Second Part.**

Charles II, 1660-1685.  
 The Great Plague, 1665.  
 The Great Fire of London, 1666.  
 Pennsylvania settled at Phila-  
 delphia, 1682.

OLD MORTALITY.

James II, 1685-1688.

William and Mary, 1688-1702.

THE PIRATE.

Anne, 1702-1714.

Battle of Blenheim, 1704.

Union of England and Scotland,  
 1707.

THE BLACK DWARF.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

**1714- ——. Hanoverian Period.**

George I, 1714-1727.  
 Scotch Jacobites rebel in behalf  
 of the Pretender, 1715.

ROB ROY.

George II, 1727-1760.

Scotch Jacobites rebel in behalf  
 of the Young Pretender, 1745.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

WAVERLEY.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.



1714— *continued.*

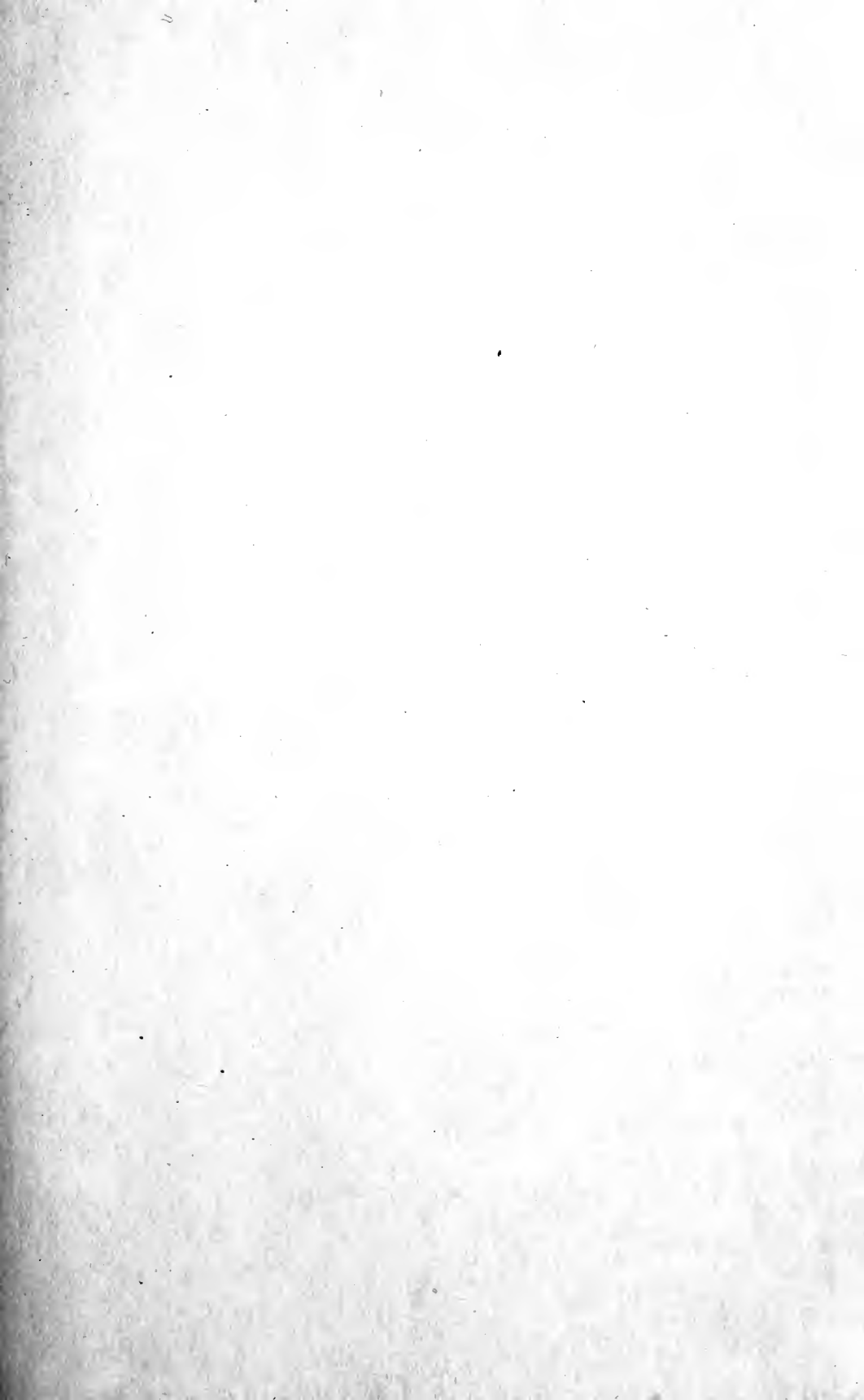
George III, 1760-1820.  
 REDGAUNTLET.  
 THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.  
 GUY MANNERING.  
 American Revolution begins,  
 1775.  
 England acknowledges the inde-  
 pendence of America, 1783.  
 French Revolution, 1789.  
 Burns writes, c. 1786.  
 War with France, 1793.  
 THE TWO DROVERS.  
 THE ANTIQUARY.  
 Great Britain and Ireland united,  
 1800.

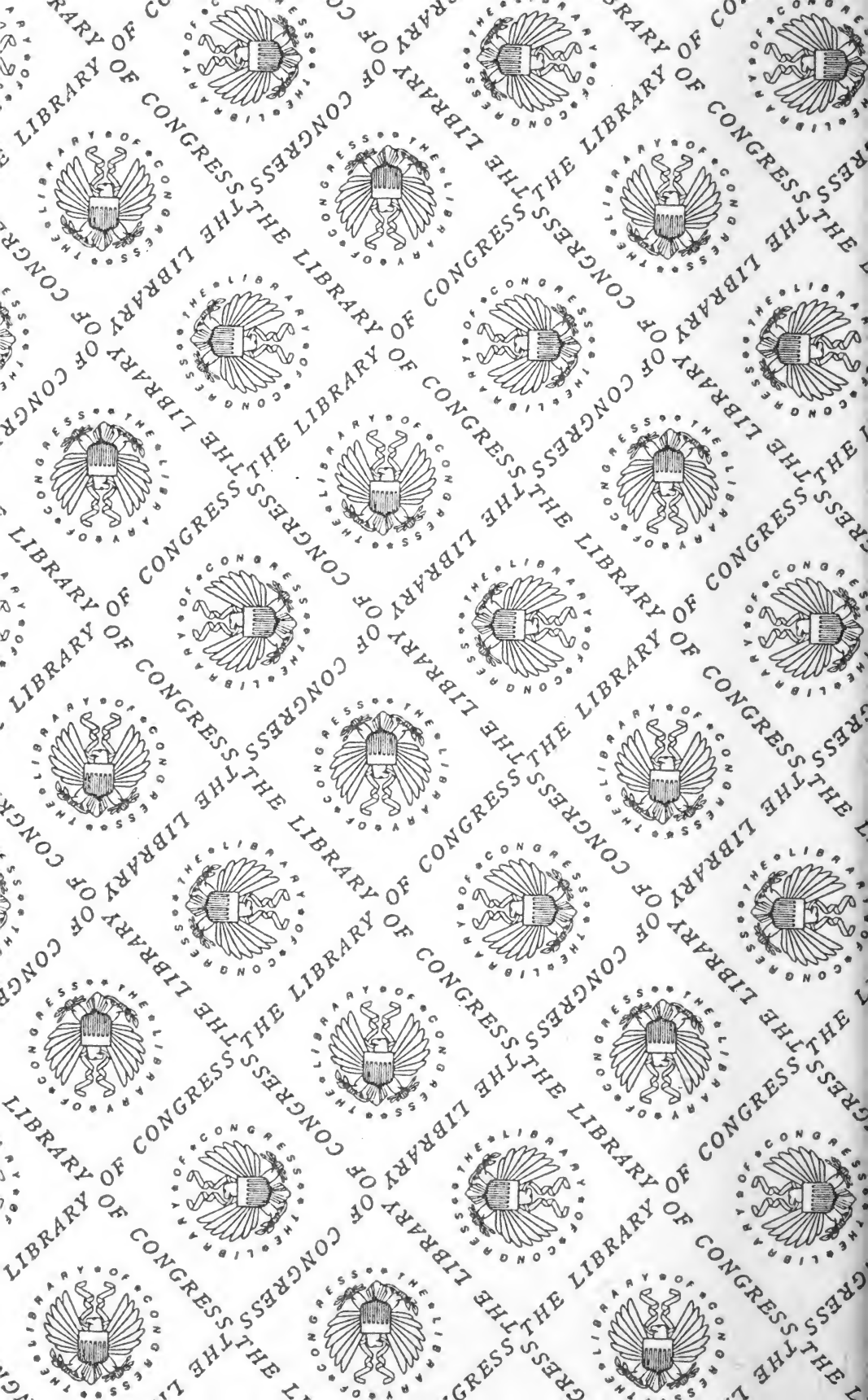
Second War with America, 1812.  
 ST. RONAN'S WELL.  
 Scott's "Waverley" appears, 1814.  
 Battle of Waterloo, 1815.  
 VISION OF DON RODERICK. 1st  
 Period — Invasion of Spain  
 by the Moors, 714; 2d Period  
 — Emperor Charles V, 1516-  
 1556, the conquest of Mexico,  
 Peru, Chili, and New Gra-  
 nada; 3d Period — Ferdinand  
 VII, King of Spain, War be-  
 tween Napoleon and Great  
 Britain in Spain and Portugal,  
 1808-1814.  
 THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

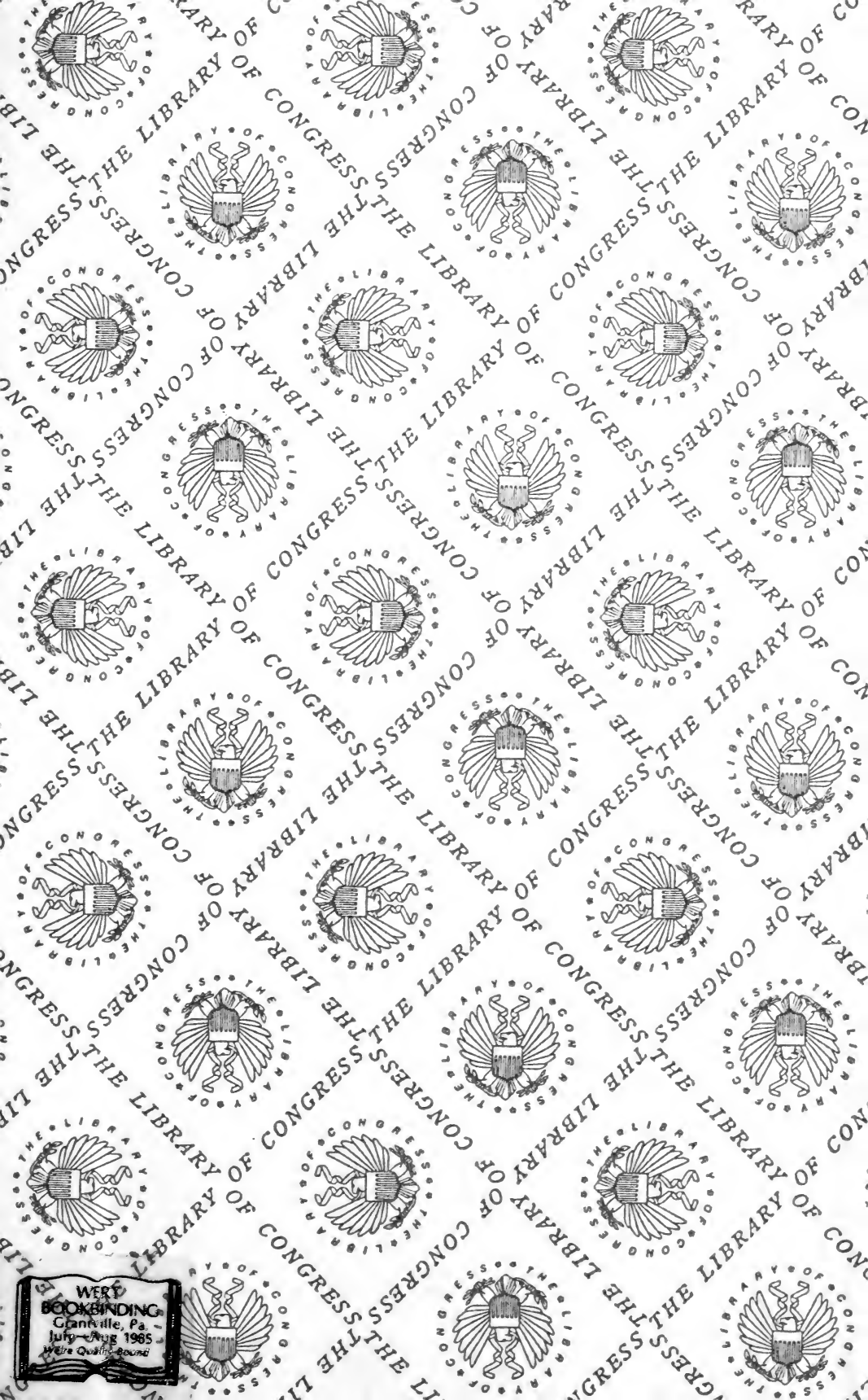
THE PLACE AND THE TIME OF THE PRINCIPAL  
 SCENES OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. Con-  
 stantinople and Scutari, 1097.  
 THE BETROTHED. The borders of  
 England and Wales and the city  
 of Gloucester, 1187.  
 THE TALISMAN. Syria, near the  
 Dead Sea and the Crusaders'  
 Camp between Jean d'Arc and  
 Ascalon, 1191.  
 IVANHOE. Yorkshire and Leicester-  
 shire, 1194.  
 CASTLE DANGEROUS. Douglasdale  
 in Kirkcudbrightshire, 1307.  
 THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. Perth  
 and vicinity, 1396.  
 QUENTIN DURWARD. Plessis les  
 Tours, Liege, and Peronne, 1486.  
 ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. Switzerland,  
 Germany, and France, 1474-1477.  
 THE MONASTERY. The Border  
 Country, 1547-1557.  
 THE ABBOT. Melrose, Edinburgh,  
 and the Lowlands of Scotland,  
 1567-1568.  
 KENILWORTH. Berkshire, Oxford-  
 shire, Devonshire, London, and  
 Kenilworth Castle, 1575.  
 THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. London  
 and Greenwich, 1616-1618.  
 A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. The  
 Highlands of Scotland, 1644-  
 1645.  
 WOODSTOCK. Woodstock in Oxford-  
 shire, Windsor, 1652, and Charles  
 II's Court at Brussels, 1660.  
 PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. Derbyshire,  
 Isle of Man, and London, 1658-  
 1660.  
 OLD MORTALITY. Various parts of  
 Scotland, 1679 and 1689.  
 THE PIRATE. Shetland and Orkney  
 Islands, about 1700.  
 THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. East  
 Lothian, Scotland, about 1709-  
 1711.  
 THE BLACK DWARF. Border  
 Country, about 1707.  
 ROB ROY. Northumberland, Glas-

- gow, and the mountains of Loch Lomond, 1715-1716.
- HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. Edinburgh, London, Richmond, and Argyleshire, 1736 and 1751.
- WAVERLEY. Perthshire Highlands, 1745-1746.
- REDGAUNTLET. Edinburgh, Dumfries and neighborhood, Annan, the Solway Firth, and Cumberland, 1766.
- GUY MANNERING. Galloway, Westmoreland, Liddesdale (in Dumfries), Edinburgh, 1760-1765 and 1781-1782.
- THE HIGHLAND WIDOW. Scotland, near Oban, about 1766.
- THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER. Fife-shire, Isle of Wight, and India, about 1750-1775.
- THE TWO DROVERS. Perthshire and Cumberland, about 1795.
- THE ANTIQUARY. Forfarshire, about 1795.
- ST. RONAN'S WELL. Near the Firth of Forth, about 1812.







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